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Twenty-Second Year— April 10, 1915

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

Editor



FLAGRANT MISUSE OF TRUST FUNDS

WHILE capitalists continue reluctant to invest save in the most attractive of prospects, commercially, no such timidity is evidenced by the board of county supervisors whose announced policy of diverting upward of half a million dollars of the people's money in the acquisition of a cement plant that is at best a dubious undertaking, is illustrative of a popular proverb. We hesitate to refer to capitalists as angels with a light tread, but, surely, the attitude of the supervisors is remindful of the rushing in of foolish public servants. There should be, at least, the same amount of business acumen displayed by the supervisors as they would exhibit in an enterprise that was to be financed by themselves privately. Would Chairman Pridham care to risk, say, one-fifth of the total sum required to take over the Monolith mill? We greatly doubt it. He would want to see more than a possible three-fourths of a cent a barrel profit before he could be induced to embark one dollar in the proposition.

We say a possible three-fourths of a cent profit but that is allowing the Mulholland figures are correct and that he could produce cement at \$1.20 a barrel at the mill. The average cost there has been \$1.89. Add 38 cents freight to Los Angeles and \$2.27 becomes the minimum cost of a barrel of Monolith cement. Meanwhile, the county is buying its cement at the private mills for \$1.35; the freight rate to Los Angeles is 23 3/4 cents, or \$1.58 1/4. Possibly, Mr. Pridham or anyone of his official associates would risk his money on a bare chance that the Monolith mill might reach the \$1.58 limit, but the normal man of affairs would not be tempted for a minute. Yet these supervisors are willing to risk trust funds in a business that is not even a going concern; whose output is not above suspicion, and whose handicap of 60 per cent in freight rates at once places the plant at a disadvantage with the privately-owned and managed cement mills hereabouts. They are ready to risk a vast sum of money that does not belong to them in an isolated plant which has never been a success and in which, we are certain, they would never think of putting one dollar of their own money.

Small wonder that angry talk is heard out in the county of invoking the recall on these unwise public servants if they persist in carrying through their vicious program. Vicious, because it is a perversion of sound business methods and is an outrage on the people who have elected them to office. They are proposing to do, as supervisors, what they would not think of doing as private citizens and what not one of their constituents

in possession of all his mental faculties would for a moment consider seriously. To make the plant pay a fair interest on the investment, not only must the mill be run continuously and at capacity, but its management must find a market for the surplus product which the city and county are unable to use. In other words compete, for nine months in the year, with better equipped, more economically operated private plants, to whose natural advantage of lower freight rates must be included the services of expert cement men; as against a political management whose unwisdom is evidenced at the outset by its folly in committing the county to so foolish an undertaking.

Review the history of the Monolith mill with the most unprejudiced of minds and it is not an attractive enterprise financially. The city officials, anxious to unload it, assert that it is a "splendid investment," but inasmuch as they are not eager to retain it they are either derelict to their trust, in this regard, or else are not acting fairly with the county. Of course, in a horse trade the tentative buyer must not expect to have the faults of the animal paraded, but to find that the county supervisors are being hoodwinked by the city council in this proposed transfer of a white elephant for hard cash is sad to contemplate. We suspect that the city wants the cash worse than it does its poor old mill, but why the county supervisors should be willing to have their official pockets picked is the amazing thing. Three-card monte is amateurish compared with this cement deal. Perhaps, the board of supervisors might be willing to invest in a few gold bricks if the city is still shy of cash after it has tapped the county for its proportion of the \$550,000. But before giving up other cash it will be well to remember that another quarter of a million must be forthcoming for working capital and a good big sum held in reserve for the deficits that will surely accrue in the operation of the mill.

PROOF FIRST, BEFORE CONVICTION

FAIRNESS to the accused chief of police—temporarily superseded at his own request—impels a suspension of judgment until his trial shall have demonstrated the truth or falsity of the serious charges that have been preferred affecting his conduct as a public officer and a private citizen. That he will be able to prove his entire innocence is the earnest hope of his many well-wishers who note with grave concern the apparent particularity of the accusations. Grand juries, as a rule, are loth to return indictments affecting the good name of public men or private citizens and in the case of Chief Sebastian, the fact that he is a candidate for mayor should have been an added incentive to conservatism on the part of the present grand jury. That he might have political enemies, seeking his downfall, is not an unnatural conclusion, but, evidently, this consideration was not sufficient to overcome the alleged proof of the police chief's misconduct.

Until the case is tried, which the district attorney joins with Sebastian's counsel in agreeing shall be speedily brought about, the mayoralty campaign of the accused must necessarily come to an abrupt halt. It is stated by the defendant's lawyers that no advantage will be taken of technicalities to delay the trial, an attitude that will go far toward reassuring the public and serve to restore confidence in the self-suspended chief, if faithfully persisted in. Innocent men can face trial in open court with all their cards exposed,

with the widest latitude to the prosecution. It is only those who fear exposure that seek to suppress evidence and head off embarrassing questions. With a complete exoneration of all charges Sebastian will be stronger than ever with the people and need not fear that the unpleasant publicity he has received will in anywise militate against his success at the polls; rather should it prove to his benefit.

As police sergeant, captain and, finally, as chief, Sebastian has served the city with commendable zeal these many years and we are loth to believe at this late day that he is a moral derelict. Humanity is prone to err, but surely an officer of his long-tried experience has not been so foolish as to risk his reputation in the manner stated, thereby ruining his public career as well as his domestic happiness. Common sense seems to cry out against such a climax and we have ever given the chief credit for possessing such. We are sure that District Attorney Woolwine will be better pleased to find that his witnesses have deceived him rather than that their testimony is only too true and the superseded chief of police is guilty. In justice to all concerned, but particularly to the accused, the trial should be set for the earliest possible date and the defendant, meanwhile, be given the benefit of the doubt to which he is entitled.

REPUBLICAN "LANDSLIDE" ANALYZED

COMFORTING to the harassed souls of the old-line Republicans is the triumph of William Hale Thompson in the Chicago mayoralty election Tuesday when the Republican candidate defeated Robert M. Sweitzer, Democratic standard bearer, by upward of 140,000 votes. Yet Thompson's victory is hardly to be regarded as a reversion of the political pendulum, although the stalwarts would fain have it appear so. Truth is, the Progressives, fearful of the return to power of the defeated candidate for United States senator, Roger Sullivan, whose forces lined up for Sweitzer, bodily went over to the Republican nominee, while the disaffected Harrison cohorts, equally inimical to Sullivan, came out in the open for Thompson and flayed Sweitzer. Throughout the campaign Harrison, so long the Democratic leader in city politics, sulked in his tent, refusing to indorse his successful opponent at the primaries.

Thus it may be seen that the result of Tuesday's election in Chicago is far from having national significance, despite the efforts of Republican stalwart papers to convey that impression. Thompson's election is in no sense a party victory, but is due to a conjunction of forces all having one object, the discouragement of the possible Roger Sullivan ascendancy, threatened by Sweitzer's candidacy. In the parade of Thompson supporters, the Saturday prior to the election, the unionism of the Progressive party with the Republican was illustrated by a bull moose in line, while the presence of a donkey emphasized the support accorded by the disgruntled Harrison Democrats to the Republican candidate. How closely Thompson estimated his vote may be deduced from his statement in the Saturday afternoon papers that he would win by 135,000. He exceeded his figures by four thousand votes.

Another powerful factor in the undoing of Sweitzer was the stupidity of his campaign managers in sending out thousands of circulars bearing the official crests of Germany and Austria and asking hyphenated citizens to vote for the Ger-

man-named candidate as a rebuke to the critics of the Teutonic nations in the war. It proved a fearful boomerang, transforming many indifferent citizens into actual supporters of Thompson. Here, then, we have the real underlying reasons for the Republican "landslide," so exuberantly announced by party organs, whose publishers either wilfully ignore the facts or have not sufficiently analyzed the causes that conspired to Sweitzer's defeat. To aver that the tariff was in anywise a factor is to betray lamentable ignorance of the campaign. Chicago is intensely insular in its political affiliations and its citizenship is swayed by local conditions more than any other large city in the union. Having followed the mayoralty campaign with great assiduity, although at a distance, we feel warranted in asserting that the outcome in nowise constitutes a reflection upon the Wilson administration, but is wholly attributable to the several causes herein set forth.

LEGAL SAFEGUARDS FOR THE CHILD

IF the efforts of the various associations interested in child welfare work in the state are successful California will have one of the best child labor laws on her statute books known to the country, a credit to her legislature and a crown of protection to unfortunate minors. There is before the legislature at this time a bill to amend, in several important particulars, the act regulating the employment and hours of labor of children. It has not yet been reported out of committee, but the friends of the proposed act have reason to believe that a majority is favorable to the amendments sought to be enacted and will recommend the passage of the measure. Careful reading of the bill should be sufficient inducement to members of the assembly and senate to enlist in its support. Certainly, no one having the milk of human kindness in his veins would be willing to permit children under sixteen to be employed in the adjusting of machinery belts, in operating saws or drill presses, or in anywise to work around machinery of body-maiming potentialities. By legislative interdiction the child can be saved from these and similar horrors.

Sections four, five and six of the prospective new law specify in detail the dangerous occupations to which the employed child shall be immune, the bureau of labor statistics having the right to determine whether or not any kind of work, not forbidden, shall be deemed injurious, allowing employers the right of appeal to the supreme court from any ipse dixit of the bureau. One clause in section 9, governing vacation permits, of especial importance, is that calling for a certificate signed by a physician appointed by the school board, or other public medical officer, stating that such minor has been examined by him and, in his opinion, has reached the normal development of a minor of his or her age and is in sufficiently sound health and physically able to be employed in the work contemplated. Strict compliance with this demand will save many an otherwise unfit youngster from summer months of misery.

Exceptions, under proper restrictions, permit the employment of minors at agricultural, horticultural or viticultural or domestic labor, when schools are not in session or in other than school hours. Horticultural labor is understood to include the curing and drying, but not the canning, of all varieties of fruit, a wise distinction. Minor children may even be permitted to gain employment on the stage or in the movies with certain limits and always provided the consent of the commissioner of labor statistics is first obtained. The limits proposed are in nowise unreasonable and are solely in the interest of the child's moral and physical welfare. We particularly like the wording of section sixteen, which seeks to bar children of both sexes, of a tender age, from

peddling newspapers after dark or from taking employment as messengers after 8 o'clock in the evening. More lads have been ruined by being forced to carry messages to illicit haunts after dark than by any other medium. The folly of allowing girls under eighteen to peddle papers or black boots is too obvious to require extended comment. On the other hand there is no objection to a boy or girl carrying a daily paper route in residential districts or distributing weekly magazines or periodicals to regular customers. We hope the amended bill will receive the hearty concurrence of both houses of the legislature.

PERTINACITY OF POMONA COLLEGE

FRIENDS of Pomona College will rejoice with her alumni and faculty that the campaign for the raising of one million, one hundred thousand dollars, within a time limit that expired April 1, 1915, has been successful. On the appointed date, "without any hesitation," so it is officially declared, "the college is able to say to the General Education Board of New York city, which stipulated the conditions, that Pomona College's part is fulfilled." It was the desire of President Blaisdell that the major part of the sum raised should go to endowment, since the college had less than \$500,000 of such capital. The institution was paying inadequate salaries and working with cramped facilities, besides being harassed by a continually increasing deficit. From this it may be seen that President Blaisdell's desired disposition of the new funds was well-founded. Of the money pledged \$800,000 has gone into endowment and \$300,000 into building. It is a wise decision. This means, however, that the college must have more and better buildings and with magnificent courage the board of trustees has determined to prosecute another campaign for the purpose of relieving the college of the incubus under which it must suffer if its growing demands are not met. The desire is to attract support from the many rather than from the few, as in the campaign just closed, and to that end renewed efforts will presently be made to place Pomona on a parity with institutions doing no grander work, but whose endowment and equipment place them beyond the embarrassing necessity of limiting their entering classes, as Pomona is obliged to do in order to be honest with the students. Good luck to President Blaisdell in his second big endeavor!

SETTING BACK CLOCK OF PROGRESS

CALIFORNIA will have serious cause to regret the action of her state legislature if the senate should be so unwise as to endorse the action of the assembly in repealing the present compulsory vaccination law for children. The author of the repealing bill has named various malignant diseases which he asserts caused the deaths of children and adults who had submitted to vaccination. But what of it? For every person whose death may be directly or indirectly traced to compulsory vaccination statistics can point to a score of smallpox victims in the past, before the precautionary law which is threatened with extinction, was in effect. Individuals with personal objections to vaccination have no rights which contravene the paramount public welfare and however much they may protest and rebel the good of the majority should be the guiding consideration.

Let those forty-three misguided members of the assembly who voted to repeal the present vaccination law read the history of European countries two hundred years ago, before the vaccine virus was introduced that was so instrumental in checking the terrific ravages of smallpox. Read what Samuel Pepys has to say in his inimitable diary of this dread disease that attacked the rich and poor alike and be convinced of the necessity for safeguarding against it. Read John Evelyn's diary, that unique revelation

of the social life of England from 1641 to 1705-61. He tells how, in 1695, the queen of England succumbed to the disease and how, in the week of January 6-13, the deaths from smallpox in London increased by more than five hundred those of the preceding week.

It remained for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu more than a hundred years after to bring to London from Constantinople the smallpox injection that the Turks had found so efficacious in checking the disease. She fought a brave fight to overcome the prejudices of individuals and the cupidity, alas, of the medical fraternity of her time, but in the end common sense triumphed and vaccination was finally accepted as a certain remedy. To think that California now contemplates setting back the clock of progress is a terrible reflection on her sanity. We refuse to believe that the more conservative senate will concur in the foolish procedure of the assembly, but to the contrary, will hasten to show the state that the upper house is not similarly bereft of reasoning powers.

EXPOSING A POPULAR FALLACY

PROPERLY enough, the effect of war on a nation or the human race is often compared to that of bloodletting or disease on the individual. Benjamin Rush was a brilliant man and one of the ablest members of the medical profession of his time. He bled patients suffering from any and all diseases, and because many of them recovered, he sincerely believed the bleeding cured them. Yet we now know that in certain of the diseases in which he advocated excessive bloodletting, nature's best weapon is a full blood supply. Less than half a century ago one could find in medical works the statement that a person was often better for an attack of typhoid fever or other infectious disease, but the truth is that while he may be immune to later acute infection by that one disease, he is frequently for the remainder of his life a semi-invalid from conditions directly due to the attack, but whose connection with it was formerly unsuspected. The doctrine that war is beneficial to a nation or the human race may well be a similar fallacy.

Our dear friend Col. Harvey is not only exceedingly fond of preaching, but the ex-"cathedral" tone of his sermons is often that of a bishop of a state church addressing a congregation of illiterate nonconformists. In his excellent "Letter to the Times" in the March North American Review (excellent in spite of mannerisms), referring to the domination of German public opinion by the universities he overlooks the fact that these universities are controlled by the office-holding and military castes. Treitschke, from whom he quotes so freely, was the son of an army officer and himself a professor, instead of an officer, only because he was physically disqualified for the latter position.

April in California

Restless and eager, with eyes deeply gray,
Lips warmly red as a pomegranate flower;
Wild with desire and wantonly gay—
But melting to tears in an hour!
Dreamily tender or stormily wild—
Soul of a woman and heart of a child!
—EDITH DALEY

May

O, the year with joy is singing!
At her feet a lark upspringing!
The weary days are over, and she treads
a fragrant way;
While the winds that follow after
Bear the sound of happy laughter,—
For in the sweet May-meadows all the
blossoms are at play!
—EDITH DALEY

The Reason

O April! Why do you mingle sun and rain in
your springtime weather?
"Because in a tender heart the smiles and tears
lie close together."
—EDITH DALEY



Browsings in an old Book Shop

PERSONAL reminiscences, autobiographies and letters have for their readers peculiar interest in that they reveal as nothing else can the intimate thoughts of the writers, laying bare the motives and impulses that move to action and reflecting the true character of the man or woman so unfolded. More fascinating than any novel is this form of literature. Repeatedly, in these browsings, the truth of this observation has been demonstrated, if not to my readers, at least, to myself. This week, I have proved it in the case of Macready's reminiscences, a book of 750 pages, containing in addition to the English tragedian's autobiographical notes, selections from his diaries and letters, the whole edited with great skill by Sir Frederick Pollock, one of Macready's executors. Brief mention of the creator of *Virginius* is made in Dr. Doran's "Annals of the English Stage," just enough to whet my appetite for more knowledge of the famous actor, and in the Old Book Shop, this week, I found the volume I sought published by Macmillan in 1875, two years after the death of Macready, which occurred in his eighty-first year.

Christened William Charles by his actor father, who managed the theater at Birmingham, the son was intended for the bar, but reverses of fortune by the elder Macready induced the son to hasten to his support and abandoning school at Rugby he appeared on the stage at 17 in the character of Romeo, with Mrs. Young from the Drury Lane theater as Juliet. In his second season, the renowned Mrs. Siddons, on her way to London from Edinburgh, was prevailed upon to stop over at Newcastle, where Macready was doing juvenile parts, and play Lady Randolph to the youthful actor's Norval in "Douglas." It was with much misgiving that Macready essayed the character, and he confesses that he was so horribly scared that his memory forsook him, but she kindly whispered the word to him and the play proceeded. Says Macready: "She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and as I recall it, I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene.....she raised her hands, clapping loudly, and calling out 'bravo, sir, bravo!' in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause." Afterward the great actress gave the youngster much good advice, especially impressing on him the necessity of constant study, adding, "and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age (18) with a young family about me."

It was in Glasgow, when he was 20, that Macready made his initial appearance as Hamlet. From that time on his advance in his profession was rapid and from the provinces where he had laid the foundations for a brilliant career he was called to London on a five-year contract with the Covent Garden theater. In a box on his opening night sat Edmund Kean, then dean of the London tragic stage, and the veteran bestowed liberal applause on the youth who was destined to receive his mantle. It was his successful presentation of Richard III. that established his reputation and it was his performance of Coriolanus, which followed, that won over the last doubter. Barry Cornwall was so entranced that he wrote a sonnet which appeared in the Literary Gazette, beginning, "This is the noblest Roman of them all." Fortune was now smiling on the young man and when Sheridan Knowles' *Virginius* was produced, with Macready in the title role, the London critics were outspoken in his praise. Knowles dedicated his tragedy to the actor. Macbeth was the next character essayed which likewise elicited the high encomiums of the critics and the public. At twenty-six, Macready had eclipsed all the older tragedians of the London stage and was their acknowledged peer. While on tour, at Aberdeen, the actor met his future wife who played Virginia to his

Virginius. She was then only fifteen, and just budding into gracious womanhood. It was not until four years afterward, when Macready was 31 and Catherine Atkins 19, that they were married. I might add, their union was unmarred by any inconstancy on either side and was only terminated by his wife's death in 1852, at the age of 46. In the twenty-seven years of their married life she bore her husband ten children.

Knowles followed up his successful "*Virginius*" with the production of *William Tell*, of which character, created by Macready, the public vouchsafed hearty approval. In 1826 the tragedian was invited to tour the United States and an agreement with Stephen Price of the Park theater, New York, was made, where in the character of *Virginius*, Macready opened October 26, 1826. It proved a profitable engagement and the actor records his favorable impressions of America in handsome terms. Among the distinguished men of the New World he was privileged to meet was Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, then in his ninetieth year, but retaining all the grace and vivacity of youth with the polish of one educated in the school of Chesterfield. The fine old gentleman, after a two hours' conversation, insisted on accompanying his caller to the door where, says Macready, "I bade a reluctant adieu to one of the noblest examples of manhood I had ever seen, or am likely to look upon."

It is interesting to note the many fine friendships Macready enjoyed with the celebrities of the English artistic and literary world. Robert Browning, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, John Forster, Sir Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton), in whose "*Lady of Lyons*," Macready created the part of Claude Melnotte; Bryan Waller Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, the Kembles, Savage Landor, MacLise (the painter), Samuel Rogers, Turner (the painter), Sir David Wilkie and R. A. Ward (painters). It is a list comprising the best of English brains and all were proud to count Macready as friend. In his diary he reveals his great faith in a Divine Saviour and a belief in immortality. He constantly deplores his quick temper and is always humbly penitent after giving it vent.

In his reminiscences of his first visit to America he tells of a call on Thomas Aldis Emmett, brother of Robert, of Irish rebellion fame, who later became attorney general of New York state. On his way back to his hotel his New York friend pointed out "a solitary figure, slowly dragging his steps along, close to the wall; he was below the middle size, dressed in a light grey-colored suit, which, with his pale complexion, gave him in his loneliness somewhat of a ghostly appearance..... He was none other than Colonel Burr (so Macready spells the name—Aaron Burr), who shot Alexander Hamilton..... He looked a mysterious shadow of unrepented evil. Once seen the vision was not one to be forgotten." It was on the occasion of Macready's third visit to America in 1848 when the actor's fame was at its zenith, that he met the big men of the United States. Charles Sumner was the first to call on him after his arrival at Boston, followed quickly by Longfellow, Dr. Charles Norton, George William Curtis, Dr. Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, Dana, Ticknor, N. P. Willis, and other well known literary men. It was during this engagement in New York that the disgraceful Astor Place riots occurred.

Many are the anecdotes Macready tells of his famous friends. One of Charles Lamb is worth preserving. At a supper party attended by the gentle Elia, the latter remarked to the actor that "the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun." One of the entries in his diary was made July 4, 1836 in which he notes the anniversary of American independence and observes: "I, as one of the great family of mankind that have profited by that event, thank God for it; how much has the great cause of liberty and improvement been advanced by it." Macready had no patience with poor actors. At rehearsals he would evince his displeasure when there was marked inferiority of work, in which he is reminded of our own lamented Richard Mansfield. An entry in his diary reads: "The fact is, I am angry with people for being very bad actors. It is very unreasonable in me, as they undoubtedly would be better if they only knew how—I must strive to get the better of this folly." Again, in Cincinnati (1849) he writes: "Went to rehearsal. Found a most disgracefully imperfect Horatio, who had rehearsed on Saturday and now knew nothing of words or business; one of those wretches who take to the stage as an escape from labor, and for whom the treadmill would be a fitting punishment."

Apropos of Dickens' high regard for Macready it is recalled that "*Nicholas Nickleby*" was dedicated to the tragedian. October 25, 1839, an entry in his diary reads: "Returning home, found a parcel with a note from Dickens, and a presenta-

tion copy of '*Nickleby*.' What a dear fellow he is!" Of Charlotte Cushman, who enacted *Lady Macbeth* with him on the occasion of his second visit to New York (1843) he says: "She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy with me—a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage." It was on this visit that Macready met Ralph Waldo Emerson, of whom he says: "I liked him very, very much—the simplicity and kindness of his manner charmed me." Slavery appalled him. In a talk with Henry Clay whom he describes as kind, urbane and cheerful, he tells of the famous Kentuckian assuring him that he deplored slavery in the abstract, but thought the two races could not be altered in their respective positions without equal distress for both; intimating that the colored man is happier in his present state than he would be if free! "What would Alexander Dumas say to that," comments Macready.

It is interesting to read Charles Sumner's estimate of the English tragedian. Writing to Macready from Boston December 19, 1850, the famous American statesman says: "You will stand out hereafter as the last great actor of the English stage. It must be so; and I rejoice that associated with that position will be so much of private work and general culture, as we admire in you. Of you we may say what Cicero said in his oration for Sextus, of the great Roman actor Aesopus, that he chose the noblest parts both as an actor and a citizen." It is a true estimate. Macready not only adorned the stage, which he elevated. His character as a man and a Christian impels the highest respect. His retirement from the stage in 1851, after forty years of professional work, was followed by a farewell dinner, managed by Charles Dickens, for which upward of six hundred tickets were issued, all having a facsimile of the well-known signature of Dickens. Edward Bulwer Lytton presided, whose advent as a dramatic writer had been at Macready's suggestion, seventeen years before. It was a great occasion, as a reading of the speeches convinces me. Dickens was in a happy frame of mind and as toastmaster was at his wittiest. The death of Mrs. Macready in 1852 was a severe blow to the fond husband, who lived to see seven of their children precede him. In 1860, when he was sixty-seven, he was married again and in 1862, when he was almost seventy, the sturdy old Englishman became the father of another boy—his eleventh child. From that time until 1873 he led a tranquil and peaceful existence, letters to his friends revealing his thoughtful mind and deep interest in his fellow beings. The last legible entries in his diary, written with a trembling hand, were, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." The end came quietly April 27, 1873, and so passed a great actor and a fine English gentleman. S. T. C.

Penelophon

Old Cophetua was fast asleep;
His ivory hands and ivory beard
Lay on the cover's crimson sweep
Like plague spots weird.

Up rose Penelophon, his queen,
And cast a purple mantle round
Her lissome body's satin sheen,
Nor made a sound.

Out by the postern door she went
Into the fragrant summer night,
Herself a perfume, subtly blent
For man's delight.

Her robe she dropped unto her feet
Where thick the elm shade arched above
And glimmered, a white moth, to meet
Her beggar love.

When King Cophetua woke from dream
Penelophon in slumber deep
With parted scarlet lips, did seem
A child asleep;

And scarce his hands upon her breast
Could check her soft and slumberous sighs,
Or kisses lift the lids that pressed
Her weary eyes.

A Rune of Love

O love is a red ripe fruit for the mouth of thee,
Dawn o' the Day,
Sweet, sweet, pain-sweet, shall its blossoming be!
O love is a full gold bloom for the hands of thee,
Noon o' the Day,
Sweet, sweet, swoon-sweet, shall its perfume be!
O love is a red ripe fruit for the mouth of thee,
Dark o' the Day,
Sweet, sweet, death-sweet, shall its nectar be!
—VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

Life's Little Comedies---VI

The Recovery---By S. T. C.

MRS. TALCOTT: Looking for a furnished flat. Thirty-two. Comely figure. Nice sense of humor.

MADAME VANDERPELT: (Who has met reverses). Plausible talker; rather shifty eye. Stately pose. Forty-five.

(Furnished flat, which in spite of imposing array of furniture, gives one the impression of being inharmonious in its appointments; as if the contents did not match. Their putative owner has advertised them for sale in the Sunday papers and has been receiving responses. The lease of the flat is to be taken over by the buyer. The hour is 4 p. m. and the day has not brought forth the desired result. Madame Vanderpelt is not in the best of humor when the bell rings and Mrs. Talcott enters, bearing in her gloved hand a clipping from the Times classified columns):

MRS. TALCOTT
Am I right? (looking at the cutting). Is this where the furniture is offered for sale with the lease of the flat?

MADAME VANDERPELT
Quite right. Would you like to look through the place?

MRS. TALCOTT
If you please. (They start in at the reception room, where Mrs. Talcott is particularly fascinated by an ormolu clock on the mantel). Why, what a handsome clock!

MADAME VANDERPELT
I have always liked it. My poor husband gave me that on our last anniversary, a year ago.

MRS. TALCOTT
How sorry you must be to part with it. (The owner sighs and admits it. They go into the music room where a Steinway upright attracts the tentative purchaser. She sits down to try the keyboard and notices a peculiar stain on one of the ivories. She gives a start, but after running over a few bars, merely remarks): What a mellow tone! I thought I should never hear so good a sounding piano again.

MADAME VANDERPELT
My husband loved it! He had a rare taste for music.

MRS. TALCOTT
I can well believe it. (She glances at the walls which are covered with pictures of a heterogeneous nature. Prints, oil canvases, watercolors and etchings of most miscellaneous collection): Dear me, what an odd selection! (She inspects them intently). Good things, too, but rather incongruous, don't you think? (Suddenly recollecting her manners).

MADAME VANDERPELT
Perhaps, so. You see, my husband picked them up at intervals. He was rather artistic.

MRS. TALCOTT
(Who has moved over to a corner and is gazing earnestly at a rare Japanese print): What a beauty! One of Hokusai's best examples, too.

MADAME VANDERPELT
That's what Mr. Vanderpelt used to say. He knew prints as few do and never overlooked an opportunity to get one at a bargain.

MRS. TALCOTT
(Continuing her inspection): And this beautiful marine! I never saw but one I liked quite so well. Certainly, your husband was discriminating. (She begins to examine the rugs. A fine Kiskelim attracts her attention which she gazes at thoughtfully. Pensively, she runs her foot over one corner and treads on the lead tag. Apparently satisfied, she moves on to the dining room, her hostess preceding. A big blue china salad bowl holds her as if fascinated; then a cut-glass decanter of odd shape next attracts her): I like your dining room. Such a "homey" look about so many of the things. (They proceed to the kitchen where a fine gas range elicits her hearty admiration): It's just the kind I would buy if I had the pick of a score. Have you had it long?

MADAME VANDERPELT
About six months. My husband brought it home as a surprise. Our old one was not satisfactory.

MRS. TALCOTT
He must have been a most superior man.
MADAME VANDERPELT
O, he was. He was so thoughtful in so many ways. (They go into the bedrooms where Mrs. Talcott finds a number of things that please her.)

MRS. TALCOTT
It is like meeting old friends to see these Indian pictures. My husband will be delighted. What did you say the flat rents for?

MADAME VANDERPELT
Sixty dollars a month, with ten months' lease to run.

MRS. TALCOTT
It's a most attractive spot. The outlook on the park is charming, I'm sure my husband will like it. What price have you put on the furniture?

MADAME VANDERPELT
Twelve hundred dollars. It's almost like giving it away.

MRS. TALCOTT
(Impulsively): Why, the piano's worth half that!

MADAME VANDERPELT
Precisely what I told my husband.

MRS. TALCOTT
And the rugs, too. Beauties, at least six of them. Have you an inventory? I should like to show it to my husband.

MADAME VANDERPELT
(Producing a list): Yes; I made it out yesterday. I can show you \$2500 worth of value. But I must sell in a hurry. I need the money.

MRS. TALCOTT
I think I can promise that we will take—ah, the furniture—and the flat. Will you give me an option until tomorrow morning?

MADAME VANDERPELT
Certainly. (They go into the music room where at a Marie Antoinette desk she sits down): What name, please?

MRS. TALCOTT
Oh, ah,—Mrs. James Sturtevant.

MADAME VANDERPELT
(Fills out paper giving Mrs. Sturtevant an option on the furniture for \$1200 for twenty-four hours and signs it): Here it is. I hope you will be prompt to decide as I must get away.

MRS. TALCOTT
(Earnestly): O, we won't delay, I can assure you. (She puts the paper in her handbag, thanks the owner for her courtesy and makes her exit. At a drug store two blocks away is a pay telephone station with private booth. She goes in and calls for X9999. In a tense voice): Is that you, David? What do you think? I've found all our furniture that was stolen two years ago when we were at Catalina. Our six rugs; the ormolu clock that the Kingsleys gave us for a wedding present. Your Indian pictures; my fine Hokusai print that grieved me so to lose; our marine that Cousin Polly gave us on our first anniversary; my Steinway piano; my blue china salad bowl; my Marie Antoinette desk—everything that we lost. Isn't it wonderful! Quick, dear, what shall we do? Police headquarters? O, of course. Will you attend to it at once, dear? Isn't it astonishing! After two years! Hurry, hurry, I can't wait! Yes, yes, all right. I will meet you at the police station in twenty minutes. (She hangs up the receiver and with her cheeks flushed hastens to the nearest street car, meanwhile chuckling to herself as she walks along, "What good taste Mr. Vanderpelt had and how handy he was at picking up things!")

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SUNSHINE and cloudless evenings more than double the attendance at the Exposition.

With the approach of Easter, San Francisco resumed her gladdest garb, and Saturday more than 70,000 passed the turnstiles, followed by a crowd of 68,000 Easter Sunday. Such figures put to rout the pessimists who were beginning to croak under the leaden skies which clouded so many days in March. Meanwhile, those in authority who have the burden of responsibility in assuring the Exposition's financial success are confident that the last month's attendance will prove to be the lowest of the ten. It also gave the management the opportunity to cut down expenses, and there are now fewer guards, guides and gatemen with time hanging heavily on their hands. The original force of 800 guards has been reduced without any inconvenience to the public.

As Ryan is the wizard of the Exposition City by night, with his marvelous illuminations, so is McLaren the conjurer of color by day. No sooner did the glory of the daffodil begin to droop than it was supplanted by the tulip. The magic of this great gardener is a perpetual surprise. The nine-acre garden which only the other day was carpeted with daffodils is now a blaze of yellow tulips.

Another intrepid aviator has been imported from the East to thrill the crowds. He is said

to be only nineteen years of age. His specialty in sensations is known as "Fire-flying," making his ascensions in a brilliantly illuminated biplane and discharging fireworks. Smith made his first ascension shortly after midnight Saturday, and on his last flight the biplane caught fire, so that "he ascended in considerable danger."

* * *

We are in the throes of another campaign of education concerning the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Company's properties. Five years ago the voters refused the opportunity of municipal ownership, the offer then being \$35,000,000. Next Tuesday week they will decide at the polls whether they want the properties at half a million less. An interesting feature of the publicity campaign that is being vigorously waged has been the testimony of Meredith P. Snyder in whose mayoralty Los Angeles accomplished ownership of its water system. Mr. Snyder is quoted by the Examiner as claiming that, in the fourteen years of public ownership, Los Angeles has cleared a profit of at least a million dollars a year; that it has reduced service rates nearly one half and reduced meter rates more than one half. "San Francisco," he concludes, "ought not to hesitate—always provided San Francisco is willing to bar the politicians and the incompetents."

* * *

Almost incredible is the statement made concerning the circulation of a recall petition in Oakland recently. As a precautionary measure, to insure that voters should know what they were doing, every signatory was required to sign an affidavit that he had read the contents of the petition. About eight thousand citizens subscribed to the affidavits, but, it is said, only two distinguished themselves by signing both the affidavit and the petition.

* * *

Next Monday the first performance of the newly-organized People's Opera Company of San Francisco will be given. The management, which is composed of women, backed by the New Era League, is undaunted by the failure of two imported companies this winter. The same enthusiastic women were responsible for the success of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra. Josiah Zuro who was chorus conductor with Hammerstein will direct. The chorus will be composed of San Franciscans, but among the principals are graduates of the recently disbanded Bevan and Lambardi companies. An excellent caste is announced for the opening night in "Carmen," with Alice Gentle in the title role.

* * *

Messrs. Silverwood and Frankenstein may well congratulate themselves on the gratuitous advertising their song "I Love You California" has been receiving here and in Sacramento. Adoption by the legislature would be construed more as a knock than a boost. You cannot make state songs or national anthems by legislation. Meanwhile, the prevalent popularity of the song is undeniable, and it will continue to hold its place in the affections of the people until it is supplanted by some other measure, inspirational not legislative.

* * *

Elaborate preparations are being made for the celebration of "Nine Years After." Memories of the historic conflagration will be revived on the Exposition grounds, Saturday, April 17, and Sunday there will be a great thanksgiving service, arranged by the clergy of all denominations. Wallace Sabin, official organist of the Exposition, will direct a chorus of 1,000 voices at the religious service.

* * *

Tracing missing heirs is as remunerative as romantic. The court has approved a compromise whereby District Attorney Free of Santa Clara county will receive a fee of \$100,000 for his discovery of young Robert M. Bandini, of this city, a grand-nephew of the late Mrs. Arcadia de Baker of Los Angeles. Young Bandini, thanks to Free's successful search, inherits \$800,000.

* * *

They used to say here in May that you could tell a man from Los Angeles whenever you saw a straw hat in Market Street. But this year John B. Miller has beaten the record. This enthusiastic patron of polo anticipated sunshine and victory for the Midwicks last Saturday. Hence, perhaps, the light lid over John B.'s smiling countenance. The Pasadena team played all around the Philadelphians, Fred McLaughlin scoring seven goals and Watson Webb and Hugh Drury four apiece, while the Easterners only twice got past Carlton Burke's excellent defence. Burke, at present rated as a three-goal man, has been playing consistently good polo. At this writing the Midwicks stand an excellent chance of taking the Golden Gate cups home with them. San Francisco, April 6. R. H. C.

Pen Picture of a California Mosaic

---By Mabel Urmey Sears

TO pleasure seekers, fleeing from snow storms, partly-frozen streets, and furnace-heated houses, to find a sunny winter on the south Pacific coast, the festive atmosphere they here encounter seems all-enveloping. The world and his wife, his sisters, and especially his great aunts, are, with the tourist, out upon a holiday. Home cares, civic duties, and all the other serious interests of life remain, in the nature of the case, "back East" for them and, presumably, for every one they meet. "Where are you from?" is their stock question to their fellow travelers. And when in this fashion they happen on a descendant of a "forty-niner" who, in going from one town to another has been drawn into the whirlwind of their passage and she answers good-naturedly, "I am a Californian," or, in further explanation, "I was born here," they stare with amazement, or turn, as did one young Chicago girl to her companions, repeating in awed tones, "Ma! Pa! She was born here!" As though their previous knowledge of that condition had been confined to Indians and snakes.

To the limited vision of such travelers as these, the word, California, encompasses but a small strip of orange land and flower-garden running along the southern coast between the desert-bounding mountains and the blue Pacific sea. Sunny days are here more numerous than ever before in their experience. Hotels and excursions, fiestas and rose tourney are here prepared expressly for their comfort and amusement. And so all the grandeur and beauty of the high Sierras, with their upland meadows and their fertile foothills, all the vast stretches of the northern woodlands and the wide inland valleys, whose great rivers bring from up and down the state to the main harbor wheat, and fruit, and other produce for the markets of the world, all this remains a terra incognita, and the first part of el dorado's feast they find is good enough for them.

From the pleasure beaches all along the sparkling ocean up to the purple mountains with their gravity cars and grave-faced burros, in one continuous stream the tourist parties pass—a never-ending whirl of trolley trips and motor rides, of coaching parties, picnics, jaunts and jubilees. They trail along the "Pike," then tear across the valley; they stop to gather poppies while the trolley awaits them; they come in troops and then are gone, and silence slips behind them like the quick cessation of a cicada's whirr.

Those who furnish the means by which this gay whirl is carried on have become most expert in the business of pleasure giving. Transportation is for them a science, hospitality a trade. Every unique feature of the climate or of the landscape, every historical scrap has been made the most of, and the fact that on this western shore we are nearest to the Orient, has been so exploited that the casinos, opera houses, hotels and pleasure gardens are built in imitation of Japanese, Chinese, Turkish and Moorish architecture serving to emphasize the likeness of Southern California's climate to that of Asia's dry and tourist-trodden lands, and giving a piquant, foreign flavor to the western trip.

To those who are engaged in it, the artificial atmosphere of this annual visit to the coast is, perhaps, indefinable. But looked at from the standpoint of the everyday life of the country, the great mass of tourist traffic separates itself by reason of its extraneous character and the perfection with which it is planned, into a unique and isolated whole. To the mental vision it may be presented as an interesting, many-hued mosaic, here made to sparkle in the sunlight and there softened by the ever-present dust. Worn on the front of California's girdle, it serves a useful purpose and attracts a host of admirers, who in time become her faithful friends.

Drawing apart, then, from the jostling, hurrying crowd that surges to and from the overland trains, the trolley lines, hotels and bathing beaches, one may look upon the medley from a vantage point and catch, perhaps, its resemblance to those sparkling, many-colored objects fashioned of bits of glass and metal to adorn the art of other days. The sunlit atmosphere, the dryness, and the wealth of elemental color, all combine to give an air of oriental luster to the scene. In the main city the streets are lined with hat stores, feather stores, jewel shops and novelties. Great drygoods houses crowd one another on the boulevards and vie with their neighbors in the immensity and variety of their displays. Branches of New York concerns cater to the daintiest whim of traveled beauties, and an ever-extending group of department stores supplies the demand of large suburban districts.

This very wealth of haberdashery makes the

book shops hard to find, and objects of permanent art almost invisible. Yet from the position we have taken, the picture spread before us is in itself artistic, brilliant, almost Byzantine in its display of surface tone and glitter. The shops so full of painted poppies, orange plaques and poinsettias, take their places as masses of design in the mosaic. In them is everything imaginable which might interest the collector of ordinary souvenirs. Here has the trade in postcards reached enormous size. One looks through layers of them thick as leaves upon the forest floor. Postcards of missions gleaming white among their ruins, postals of mountains blue or green or topped with distant snows; postals of houses, streets and trees, the famous peppers with leaves green and berries red; the orange, giving bounteously its fruit and flowers at once. Here are the stretches of the desert, mesa, mountains, Indian huts, and haciendas borrowed from the borders on the south. Nor is the Pacific ocean backward in its contribution. Bits of the beach it offers with bathers wading deep the sea-green waters; pictures of you or someone else upon the photographer's donkey at Long Beach, or a gay group snapped in a gondola at Venice down the shore.

Photographic postals are endless in variety with views of this or that palatial home upon the avenue; their red-tiled roofs and gleaming plastered walls, set off with fern-topped balustrade and pergola, give to the photographic colorist all he wants in striking contrast. With what delight he spreads on paint, using his brightest green upon the endless stretches of rolling lawn which easterners, whose eyes demand the summer verdure left behind them, have lain across the tawny side of the Arroyo Seco.

Not only on the post-cards, but throughout the great extent of town and suburb, the gayest of the flowers add, all year round, their beauty to the scene. The pent-up love of blossoms, which in the colder climates guarded through the winter months a tiny calla, fuchsia or geranium, seems here to make a great outpouring of its passion in the form of pathways lined with calla and hedgerows of red geranium. The scarlet eucalyptus and the pink crape-myrtle mingle with palms and evergreens in unrestrained contentment. Under all the trees and over fences, walls and embankments trail in endless profusion the pink geranium-ivy and the red and the yellow ice-plants. The rich may have their lawns and their stately formal gardens, but the bright flowers that love the sun are here for all. Heliotropes and fuchsias, nasturtiums and marigolds bloom all along the walks, the lanes, the country highways. Here is a cottage covered with jasmine and fuchsia, and there another smothered in rose vines and honeysuckle. The scarlet geranium mounting to the top of porch or pergola meets there the magenta of the bougainvillea vine, both blazing and blushing at the encounter and striking a discord in the brilliant symphony of color.

Along the city streets great piles of violets,—a full, sweet bouquet for a nickel—appeal to sight and scent alike. Masses of carnations and long-stalked chrysanthemums in golden gorgeousness light up the unused doorways of corner banks or counting houses and make the dusty city walls a fitting background for their splashes of pure color. Nor do the offices of brokers, bankers, and land-dealers wear the staid and solemn look so customary in other places, but adding to the brightness of the streets, they pile their windows full of oranges, olive branches laden with fruit, samples of polished eucalyptus wood and jars of luscious peaches, apricots and pears. With pictures, signs and photographs of all imaginable seductive places they lure the tourist and home-seeker off to this or that new suburb, eucalyptus land, or orange orchard.

Surely, the cities of Asia and the eastern side of Europe, streets of the sultan and the shah, dazzle no more the eye than does this tourist-pleasing city by the western sea. For here they are, these very orientals with their jeweled brass and copper, with their shimmering rugs and kelims; and their shops are even lower in tone than are the postal card displays, the painted orange plaques and poinsettias. Next to a doorway hung with fezzes or red felt and cloth of gold, embroidered thick with crescents, stands a fruit store full of boxes piled with polished red and yellow apples, lemons, green and purple grapes, strawberries, and bright persimmons. Stacks of crisp and curling lettuce, great bouquets of celery, or artichokes and spinach make a fit setting for the pyramids of washed and shining plants that store up sunshine in their very roots to set before us. And, beyond, a modern newsstand,

gaily decked with rows of posters, magazines and weeklies, joins the Pacific with the older states of the Atlantic, and often sends forth from its boards bits of true poster art or finished illustration to do a missionary work amid the mass of sordid printed matter.

Past good and bad alike, past gay bazaar and drab department-store the street cars rattle, with their dazzling flash of electricity or clang of bell and shriek of whistle. For intersecting, joining all this design of colored glass and golden glimmer of mosaic run the metallic lines, the cement bridges of the roadways, trains and trolleys. They make the pattern, hold the parts and lead the eye from one bright patch of inlay to another. To and from the cities, round and round the country, in loops and figure-eights, wanders the pleasure-giving pattern. It reaches ostrich farms and Indian village, alligator pools and Japanese tea-gardens, all offering their stores of workmanship and color. It weaves into the scheme the classic forms and noble stories of the early Spanish missions; then off through groves of oaks and oranges, past vistas of Sierras, parks elysian, hotel terraces and gardens, it winds through never-ending fields of interest till it skirts and even runs out onto the Pacific, setting there, a little raised above the groundwork of mosaic, one more perfect gem among her fellows. Catalina, opalescent and elusive, crescented within her faint, blue rim of mountains, holding in her crystal depths the nameless wonders of the deep, transparent sea.

Down along the concrete-covered sand, the pleasure piers, the swimming pools and points from which one looks toward Catalina Island, extend the "walks of a thousand lights," the shops and booths, the Pike, filled full to overflowing with reflections from the scintillating riches of that distant sea-set jewel. Windows full of semi-precious stones begem this part of the mosaic. Great uncut masses of blue Arizona tourquoises, tourmaline, and opals vie with the native moonstone and moss-agate. Here is the opalescent abalone, polished whole or in part, cut in fantastic shapes and set in gold or silver for use as buttons, brooches, pins and combs, and paper cutters. In every conceivable shape and pattern its pieces lie heaped up in booths along the ocean beaches, in staid yet eager stores upon the cities' streets, in hotel corridors and little mountain inns, and on the doorsteps of the railroad stations all along the way.

Blending well with all this western contribution to the making of mosaics and constantly repeated in the tourist towns and cities, are the booths and auction houses of Chinese and Japanese importers. In the bargain shops which draw their trade from travelers unfamiliar with the art of eastern countries, piles of cheap china are displayed, while half-concealed contempt lurks in the bland faces of the oriental merchants. For just as the home-made willow pattern once returned on China plates to England, so now in taste much less commendable, the senseless daubs of roses, violets and daisies repeat on Japanese imported goods the fashions of our most designless dishes.

Still, the commerce from the western side of the Pacific adds its quota of bright color, and the canny oriental falls in line with all the preparations for the tourist. He brings to California his festival traditions and offers generously his country's well developed schemes of decoration. Japanese umbrellas, lanterns, paper cherry blossoms, tinkling wind-bells and a thousand toys and trinkets figure profusely in the trimmings of the season and beguile the pleasure-seeker into open air bazaars and endless auctions.

Wet weather does not last long. After a night's rain the sun comes up next morning bright and shining. Out the people go again in tram or motor, racing through the streets flying along the roads between the soft, green hills, beneath the blue, blue sky, until the spring, so prodigal of time and gifts to California, has ceased to play at being winter's substitute and hastens eastward to fulfill her tardy dates upon the calendar. Then the great mass of winter tourists all prepare to follow, while Californians themselves close city houses to revel in the perfect out-door life on mountain, shore and mesa; and dust sifts slowly o'er the face of our mosaic. Great caravansaries are closed as train-load after train-load of their guests go homeward. The booths, bazaars, and many of the shops upon the boulevards pull down their blinds or go to sleep with one eye open. Along the curb the autos, carriages, and gay sight-seeing wagons dangle their signs, "for hire," in dusty quiet. Siesta time has come along the southern reaches of El Camino Real.

By the Way



Toronto's Merchant Prince

One of Canada's great merchants is visiting Southern California and at the California Club. Mr. J. C. Eaton was the guest of Arthur Letts, an old-time friend. The house of T. Eaton Company of Toronto and Winnipeg was founded by Timothy Eaton and the son has continued and developed the immense business. Mr. Eaton has attested his loyalty to the mother company by buying and equipping fifteen Maxim guns, which are all at the front, in active employment, the expense of the men serving them being born by the princely merchant, who is a most modest and unassuming individual. Mr. Eaton with his family is staying at the Huntington.

One of Our Versatile Eligibles

George Ennis, the versatile, has been at it again. Not content with assisting as one of the "first aids" at the San Diego and Panama-Pacific Expositions, he motored out to Rubidoux last Saturday and made the service on the mount more impressive Sunday morning because of his beneficent presence. I wonder how many know that George is one of the crack cooks of the coast? In turning an omelette souffle, in grilling a bone, or serving up a welsh rabbit, he is facile princeps among amateur chefs. It is only when it comes to broiling a steak that George must yield to Henry O'Melveny.

Irving Cobb on the War

"And they were not all dead at first!" The German officer who told Irving Cobb this added that for the first three days they kept their drums beating all the time so the men in the trenches would not go insane listening to the cries and groans of the dying. Four thousand dead men left for twenty-one days on a strip of ground less than three miles long by two hundred yards wide because as the same officer said, "truces to bury the dead have gone out of fashion!" And the smell! Healy's slough, the cesspool of Chicago's packing town, to cross which in its palmy days upset many who looked with equanimity on the trip from Dover to Calais would be as a blossoming orange tree in comparison. This is Irving Cobb's summing up of the beauty and grandeur, the glory and chivalry of war. And he is no gloomy pessimist but one of our sanest, most optimistic mirth provokers. Yet Bernhardt says, and he has many followers in our own country, "War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture in which a true civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality."

Briton and Teuton Amity

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," said Milton. These were my sentiments when viewing the entrance into the editorial sanctum of Richard Powell, the fine arts publisher of London, arm in arm with William H. Graf of the Berlin Photographic Gesellschaft. These gentlemen have been friends for many years and believe friendship too valuable an asset to permit of its cancellation because of the terrors of their warring countries.

Artist Tells of Her Aspirations

Marcella Craft is an ardent Californian. At the Gamut Club Wednesday night, where she was the guest of honor, in a kindly and modest way she told the story of her early aspirations in Riverside and her years of study in the east and in Europe, and on the European operatic stage. "In all of these sixteen years which I spent away from home, studying my art and putting it into practice, I kept the thought of California before me every day. I kept a picture of the home country, bathed in sunshine, over my bed, where I could see it the first thing in the morning—and often it was the only sunshine I had for days at a time. I seemed to keep in my mind all the time that it was all a preparation for my homecoming, to sing to my own people. And then that wonderful home-coming—singing to many

thousands the other day on Mount Rubidoux. It was the climax of my hopes, to sing a program to the Riverside people, who were so kind to me in former years; and this was a greater climax—to stand at the foot of that cross on the mountain top and sing to more persons than could get within vision. It was a wonderful experience I had on that Easter morning at sunrise, a most wonderful filling of my hopes. And now I look forward to another climax, and that is when I can help in the production of an American opera in Los Angeles in July, for never outside of the three big eastern centers has a grand opera of the pretensions of "Fairyland" had its premiere in an American city, I am told. It is needless to say I am proud to assist in an event which means so much for musical Los Angeles."

Crowding Out the Old Masters

I learn that cubist art has taken on a new lease of life in New York city. It is reported that at a recently held exhibition of extreme canvases by Matisse, the Montross gallery sold several thousands of dollars' worth of pictures. They are said to have been purchased by collectors credited with having excellent judgment. Shades of the old masters that hang within stately halls, these misshapen distortions of the "ideal" in art, may soon be your close neighbors!

Tragedy in the Bohemian Club

This is a drinking story. Therefore, it did not happen in Los Angeles. Without in anywise condoning such conditions as obtain in this story, I pass it along, as told me by a recent visitor to San Francisco, who insists upon maintaining the clubby spirit by protecting the name of the principal. Into the San Francisco Bohemian Club lounging room the other day came one of the most prominent of its members, and in a loud but unsteady voice, remarked: "Look at me! Look at me! I'm drunk! I know I'm drunk! And what's more, I haven't been sober for a week. There's something wrong with the liquor. I'm drinking the same brand that I always have—no more and no less. But did anyone ever see me drunk before? No! By Saint Bride of Bothwell! No! I demand an investigation—not of me but of the buffet. The investigation was forthcoming. For many years the Bohemian Club had served liquor in a certain small, conservative glass. Breakages had depleted the supply, and when it came time to reorder it was suggested that the kind of glasses used in the Palace and Fairmont be purchased, and this was done. These glasses are broader, so the man who ordinarily took two fingers in a small glass was getting nearly twice as much liquor when he partook from the new ones, without any intention on his own part. When this was discovered—all honor to the Bohemian Club—a supply of the original size was put in, and intoxication is once more unknown."

Dean West Heard From

Occidental College and Dr. Baer are entitled to the encomiums awarded them by Dean Andrew F. West of Princeton, whose recent advent in Southern California will be recalled with pleasure by all who met the able professor and delightful speaker. He came here on President Baer's invitation and now that he is back home he is spreading abroad the gospel of California. In the current issue of The Continent, of New York city, I find this tribute from the appreciative Dean:

"Although it is a long way from Princeton to the Pacific slope, it was a great pleasure to accept President Baer's invitation to spend some days at Occidental College, the Princeton of the Pacific slope, and lecture there, as I did at the end of January. The natural beauty of Southern California is so marvelous that the visitor is apt at first to let this overshadow everything else. Yet in a short time he becomes aware that the sweep of development in this region is also marvelous. A new society is rapidly growing up. Large cities are arising. The system of elementary schools and high schools is being elaborately developed; and now good roads run everywhere and the most modern appliances are everywhere at hand. The rush and drive of it almost sweeps you off your feet. Here is new and inexhaustible energy, hard at work and rapidly developing new institutions. It is only a year ago that Occidental College, under the fine leadership of President Baer, boldly moved out to its new and spacious campus, putting a broad belt of green between its college life and the neighboring city of Los Angeles. Here on the green slope of a lovely valley stand the first new buildings of Occidental College. They are constructed with intelligence and good taste in the Spanish style, and face a most beautiful and ex-

tensive view. The inner life is worthy of the outer setting. Trustees, faculty, professors and students alike feel that it is their college. The good will and enthusiasm is contagious. The unmistakable Christian tone is all the time in evidence. The college is entirely free from foolish pretense. It aims to be a first-rate college—just that—and nothing more. Here you may see an almost crusading enthusiasm for education. They desire to put the emphasis on a few sound, solid studies of general value rather than to dissipate the students' energy in a smattering of many things. It is a sound experiment in the right direction."

San Francisco Hotel Bunko

There is either a plain bunko game or a remarkable absence of team work going on in connection with a certain hotel agency being operated in Los Angeles. This agency purports to reserve rooms in San Francisco upon payment of \$1 deposit. This week a man going to the Exposition City tested it. He paid his deposit, receiving a receipt to be credited upon his bill at a certain hotel where he was to have "room and bath" for \$1.50 a day. Arriving at the hotel he discovered it to be a seedy place near Chinatown, with one bathroom to each floor! "Here's your room and there's your bath," said the proprietor, when a protest was made, the manager of the place seeming to have little information concerning the booking agency in the south, and admitted that he had heard nothing from the agent as to reservation, "but we've plenty of room" he added. "I won't take any of it from you," said the visitor, forfeiting his dollar and departing.

GENTLE PROTEST FROM A POET

By Eunice Tietjens

IS not poetry a "fine art," and is not its present renaissance, of which so much has been written, a distinct feature of the cultural progress of our country?

These are questions which will occur to any lover of the lyric muse who contemplates the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. For, in the minds of the lay visitor, at least, and presumably, also, in the minds of the many distinguished visitors from foreign shores, this exposition represents the progress of our civilization culturally as well as commercially. Yet there is no suggestion anywhere that contemporary poetry exists. And, surely, largely considered, poetry is of as much ultimate value as poultry, which occupies more than an acre of space.

The practical difficulties of presenting an exhibition of verse would not be nearly so great as those necessitated by the exhibition of painting which is being installed. A jury of contemporary poets, reinforced by a professor of literature from one of the universities, and, perhaps, an editor, would be quite as competent to judge the volumes submitted as are contemporary painters to judge the canvases. The volumes accepted could be ranged in bookshelves in a quiet room where the public could browse at will. Then, since the music of the spoken word is half the magic, periodical readings could be given, either by visiting poets or by someone competent to read their works.

It cannot be these difficulties which deter the directors of so colossal an undertaking. Indeed, the offer to engineer such an exhibition was refused with hardly a moment's consideration. In the last analysis it comes down to the old question of the value of art. And on this point the directors seem not to have made up their minds. Evidently, they admit that some recognition must be made of it for they have erected a large and imposing building labeled "fine arts." But the arts entitled to the cognomen "fine" are only painting and sculpture. The other arts, such as there are, shiver in the outer courts of commercialism.

The attitude toward music is amusing. They have arranged a rather representative and fairly comprehensive musical program which includes a two weeks' visit by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, various choral societies, a few eminent soloists like Camille Saint-Saens and Clarence Eddy, and nine official bands which are omnipresent. Yet when I mentioned to Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, the director-in-chief, that music was represented he waved his hand airily and said, "O, that is merely to amuse the public. It is hardly a serious educational feature!"

It is rather unfortunate that such an attitude should be permitted officially to represent the culture of the only civilized country today which can hope to preserve the arts of peace. Evidently, San Francisco has successfully snubbed the lyric muse. Yet it seems probable that she will survive San Francisco!

Cheaters

As dainty and ethereal as the china figures they represent, Marialo and her attractive models present a charmingly beautiful number at the Orpheum this week. Posing acts galore have appeared at this theater in the last year, but this is, in a way, the most satisfying of them all because the audience quite forgets that these examples of the ceramic art are posed by human beings, and it is something of a shock when the hitherto motionless figures come to life and bow like mere mortals after the final pose has been held for a seemingly impossible length of time. Sharing honors with "Porcelains" is the "Big City Four." These men are not content with singing "Tipperary," but needs must delve further back and bring forth "The Rosary" which was worn and haggard with much use and abuse when the famous war-song was young and blooming. But all is forgiven because of the way the quartette renders the two old reliables, and "In the Good Old Summer Time" would be welcome when sung by this troupe. Good male quartettes are always well received, and these men form a quartette par excellence. Charles Prella's dog act is quite out of the ordinary, the most interesting feature being furnished by canines which have been taught to trot exactly like horses. Franker Wood and Buncie Wyde have a fairly entertaining number entitled "Good Night." Ma Bella and her ballet, Ray Samuels, Mae Melvilla and Robert Higgins, and Bertish are the holdovers.

Filmed Drama at the Majestic

Were it not that filmed pictures lack that one touch of nature "contact," one might say that the Majestic has lost nothing by its change in policy, for the photo dramas as presented this week before large audiences are of genuine worth. The added features, the floral decoration, woman's orchestra, and other innovations help to enhance the performance and arouse favorable comment. "The Fight," featuring Margaret Wycherly and John E. Keller, is the chief attraction. Bayard Veillers has written a good play and the film company has used excellent judgment in preparing it for the screen. Manager Friedlander, who represents the Crescent Amusement Company, the managers of the theater, also exhibited his sense of the fitness of things by using it for his opening bill. The story concerns a woman who "did"—and the perils she encounters to overcome conditions created by politics and the underworld are the theme of the story. She conquers and the town elects her its mayor. Fully as popular was "The Price He Paid" based on the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox of the same title. This George Kleine production is capably presented, as is "Quo Vadis" his first attempt at filming the drama. Intrigue and all the high lights of the secret service come into play in this drama and its clever handling by the actors make it of unusual value. Thus, for an indefinite period, is another theater consigned to the drama without words.

Two Stars Lead Orpheum Bill

For the coming week the bill at the Orpheum is new with the exception of one act. Blanch Ring and Company and Joseph Howard and Mabel McCann are the joint headliners. The entire program is exceptional, and its numbers will be the most brilliant theatrical event of the post-Easter season. Miss Ring, well known in mu-

sical comedy circles, brings her own company in "Oh, Papa," an adaptation in one act of her greatest success, "Vivian's Papas." In it, she not only has a clever comedy role, but sings her old favorites, "Tipperary" and "Dear Old Pet." Miss Ring has an established reputation and her appearance in vaudeville is a genuine treat. Joseph Howard is one of the best known light comedians and song writers of the day. Numerous musical comedies have come from his pen and his song hits are legion. With Mabel McCann, the dainty comedienne, to interpret them, their part of the entertainment should prove unusually interesting. With Miss Ring and Miss McCann on the bill, the fashion and gown show will be fascinating. Lamberti, a musician of parts and versatility, will play several instruments, each time appearing



William Farnum at Miller's

as a composer who has been particularly successful on that instrument. His makeup is said to be authentic. Another musical number of unusual quality is offered by Mme. Donald-Ayer, formerly with the Bostonians, and later of the Boston Grand Opera Company; the Russian Symphony and the Thomas orchestras. Mme. Ayer will be heard in operatic selections and ballads. A novelty will be Bonia, the horse that thinks. This animal is believed to possess reasoning powers. Her performance exhibits unusual training. Sonia Haraban and Chas. C. Grohs, who have created numberless dances, will illustrate the latest phases in ball room dancing, and Kremoline and Darras Bros. will present an aerial act of unusual quality. The only holdover is the Maria Lo Company in "Porcelaine." The usual fine orchestral concerts and the Pathe twice a week news views complete the bill.

Margaret Edwards at Majestic

Margaret Edwards, who appeared as "Truth" in "The Hypocrites," has been engaged by Manager Friedlander as the attraction for the Majestic next week. Miss Edwards will do a dance "Springtime" and appear in her original role. The thousands who could not see her flit across the screen will have an opportunity to meet her face to face. This dance promises unusual features and assures an interesting entertainment, as Miss

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street Near Sixth
BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, APRIL 11TH

"MONTMARTRE"

With JANE COWL

ORME CALDARA, WILLIAM COURTLEIGH and THE BURBANK THEATER CO. PRICES—Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c. Mats. Thurs. Sat. and Sunday, 25c and 50c.



THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25 50 75c. boxes \$1.
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c.
Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices

BLANCHE RING & CO., "Oh Papa!" JOS. E. HOWARD & MABEL McCANN, Entertaining with Something New; LAMBERTI, Master Musician; MME. DONALD-AYER, Ye Olden Songs; BONITA, Equine Detective; BARABAN & GROHS, Original Dances; KREMOLINA & DARRAS BROS., Aerial Novelty; Last week, MARIA LO & Co., Porcelain. Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice a Week News Views.

Pantages

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, April 12
Matinee 2:30 Every Day—Nights 7:10 and 9:00
10c 20c 30c

8 ACTS

PROGRAM CHANGES MONDAY

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Robyns

"DAVID BERG"

"One Hundred Cents on the Dollar"

Early & Laight in "Outside Inn"

Miller's Theater Home of Great Photoplays Junction of Spring and Main at Ninth Just a block from Broadway

ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY. WM. FOX PRESENTS

William Farnum in "The Nigger"

THE STARTLING PHOTOPLAY THAT HAS SET NEW STANDARDS FOR THE SILENT DRAMA; NOW PLAYING AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST THEATER, THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME, TO CAPACITY BUSINESS AT PRICES RANGING FROM 25c TO \$1.00. SECURED BY MILLER'S AT THE HIGHEST PRICE (WITH ONE EXCEPTION) EVER PAID FOR A MOVING PICTURE IN LOS ANGELES. PRICES FOR THIS ENGAGEMENT WILL BE 20c AND 30c. COME EARLY FOR SEATS.

ADDED ATTRACTION:—The New "Exploits of Elaine" stories. Performances start at 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 7:45 and 9:30 P. M.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATRE BROADWAY NEAR NINTH

COMING SUNDAY—"THE NAKED TRUTH GIRL"

Margaret Edwards The Real Thing. No picture. "The Line Up"

with George Dougherty. Performance Continuous 11:30 to 10:30. Prices 10c, 20c, 30c.

OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION

The Mission Play by J. S. McGroarty

Performances every afternoon at 2:30; Wed. and Sat. evenings at 8:15. Tickets on sale Information Bureau P. E. Station, Sixth and Main. Phones Bdwy. 6378, Home F 1230. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

AUDITORIUM—CLUNE'S

THE CLANSMAN

The \$500,000 Film Drama; D. W. Griffith's Greatest Achievement

Compliments of the

SELIG JUNGLE---ZOO

NEW DISHES
NEW CHEFS
NEW PRICES

CAFE
BRISTOL

Edwards will be remembered for her dance "La Nicotine" in the "Isle of Bong Bong." This dance was inspired by her portrayal of the part of "Truth" and is said to be unique in rhythmic action. It has never before been presented. Fully as thrilling is the big film which features New York city's most famous police commissioner and detective, George Dougherty. The story develops about the most sensational diamond robbery ever handled by the New York police. A battle on a Curtiss hydroplane, a daring leap into New York harbor

petrator of the comedy, "Outside Inn." He is aided and abetted by his partner, Florence Laight. This comedy was written in Los Angeles while these two comedians were resting here several months ago. The chorus is said to be one of the best of the season and if Mr. Early retains his capacity for fun-making, should prove a success. Mr. and Mrs. Robyns will present "David Berg" or "One Hundred Cents on the Dollar," a legitimate comedy of Jewish family life. Ed Pierce and Marie Roslyn offer popular songs and instrumental

thing unto itself—something that could be praised too highly, he should have sat at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in Los Angeles and heard the words that fell from the lips of Thomas R. Marshall, vice president of the United States. "This afternoon I had the privilege of visiting your wonderful Mission Play. In America it stands for what the Passion Play does in Europe. I am afraid that you do not fully appreciate the play. I am afraid that you are permitting too many strangers to enter your gates and go away without visiting the Mis-

is what the critics of this unforgettable drama have termed the American play. It deals uncompromisingly with a theme which has engaged thousands in bitter controversy and was at least a contributing cause of one of the bloodiest wars in history. It is this sensational and powerful dramatic photoplay which is the attraction at Miller's for the coming week, beginning Monday. William Farnum, the well known star, plays the role of Philip Morrow, the governor of a southern state and a professed "Nigger-hater" who discovers that he himself has the taint of black blood in his veins. He depicts in a forceful manner the changes which occur when Morrow develops from a care-free, ambitious young man, with a great political future, to the almost tragic end when he learns the truth. In obtaining this special Fox release, Miller's paid the highest price, with one exception, that has ever been expended for a feature attraction in Los Angeles. The exciting and interesting new "Elaine" series will be an added feature.

Carl Bronson's Play

Ever since Carl Bronson's play, California, was given by the Gamut Club under the wide-spreading oaks of La Providencia Rancho, in the summer of 1912, there has been an insistent demand that it be repeated. Mr. Bronson has given his play into the hands of the Orpheus Club for its second production, which will be the first opportunity for the public to see it. Two performances will be given at the Gamut Club theater the nights of April 16 and 17, and the proceeds will be used towards defraying the expenses of the club when it goes to San Francisco in July to compete for the prize which is to be given at that time to the best male chorus entering the contest. The cast will be largely the same as at the previous performance. Mr. Dupuy again appearing as Fr. Junipero Serra, and Mr. Case as the charming Indian maiden. Edgar Temple will stage the production. The incidental music to be used in these performances will consist of the old Gregorian chants used by the monks of that period in their services, and will be sung exactly as they sang them.

Wallis School of Dramatic Art

offers stock experience
LOU E. RALL, Bus. Mgr.
Main 3607 1044 S. Hope St.



BLANCHE RING, WHO WILL BE THE HEADLINER AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

from an ocean liner, and a duel in murky waters are features of stirring interest. The inner working of the department will be shown and will include the thumb print bureau, the Bertillon system and the lining up of the crooks.

Good Assortment at Pantages

Pantages promises a comedy of genuine worth for the coming week. Advance reports indicate that it is much like the Mathews and Bulger sketches in methods and effects. John W. Early is the instigator and chief per-

music on a piano-acordion and other instruments. Wright and Davis do a clever conversational stunt entitled "The Love Insurance Agent," and Williams Brothers, the champion clog dancers, do an interesting number. Menomee Aiken and Co., have a spectacular novelty, entitled "On Crocodile Isle," the Charlie Chaplin will disport in the Pantagescope comedy.

Mission Play Highly Praised

If anybody in Southern California doubted that the Mission Play was a

sion Play." This endorsement coming in a set speech made by Mr. Marshall, speaking his official farewell to Southern California, gives the words double importance. A constantly increasing demand for reservations are being made on the management. The attendance grows larger each week. Indications are that this, the tenth week, will eclipse all previous ones in point of numbers.

"The Nigger" at Miller's

"The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon, America's brilliant young dramatist,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Non-Coal 011775
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 19, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 28th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Benjamin F. Fallor, Samuel W. Fallor, both of Owensmouth, Calif.
George C. Tucker, Charles E. Carrell, both of Calabasas, Calif.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Non-Coal 014428
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 11, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Max Goldberg, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 26, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 014428, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 33, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 19th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles Stokes, Walter Hunter, Mark A. Brennan, Louis Olivera, all of Calabasas, California.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

Week's News in Perspective

Thursday, April 1

WAR NEWS: Continuation of local engagements in the western theater of war * * * Two more ships the prey of German submarines * * * High tension between Japan and China.

GENERAL: The court in New York trying the alleged dynamiters of St. Paul's cathedral barred the confession to the police as evidence * * * American reply to British blockade order will be published tomorrow morning * * * It is reported that Villa has gone to Torreon, where he will prepare for a battle with the advancing forces of Gen. Obregon * * * Villa yesterday reported 16,000,000 pesos in bonds looted from the treasury of Mexico by Carranza.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Special assessments for flood control were put in the discard by a conference and a substitute for the Haas bill was sanctioned * * * Osteopaths seek fair play from state. Questionable methods are charged against medical examiners * * * Vice-President Marshall a guest of the city. Highly compliments the people for refinement and hospitality * * * The San Fernando Valley annexation project receives impetus.

Friday, April 2

WAR NEWS: French and English merchant ships sunk by the Germans * * * Attack of the allied air-men on the German submarine base at Zeebrugge * * * Bitter fighting in the mountain between the Russians and Austrians.

GENERAL: Election fraud case involving Terra Haute officials will go to the jury in Indianapolis by Monday or Tuesday * * * Congressional union of women suffragists advises secession from the national body * * * Secretary of Navy Daniels has rewarded a seaman on the San Diego who saved a comrade in a recent explosion * * * A plan to make a neutral zone of Mexico City has been submitted to Carranza by the state department.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Six members of school board will not seek re-election * * * Mulholland gas plant appraisal kept secret by the city attorney * * * Members of city council and board of public works deny the Rindge corruption charge.

Saturday, April 3

WAR NEWS: Russians on the offensive on the whole length of their battle front * * * Talk of peace * * * Scattered battles in the western theater of war.

GENERAL: Riot at a suffrage meeting in Chicago and the police called in to suppress the angry suffragists * * * American manufacturers threaten industrial war with England if dyes are not allowed to be shipped to Germany * * * Ambrose Bierce, famous author, located fighting the allies. Obregon has captured Queretaro and the line of communication is threatened.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Federal Court's decision removes doubt as to the validity of the title given by the United States to the Southern Pacific for Imperial Valley lands * * * The general sales manager of the Ford automobiles tells of the principles of success to the Ad Club * * * The chamberlain of New York city advocates the city manager plan * * * Councilmen and city officials indicate they may institute libel proceedings against Mrs. Rindge.

Sunday, April 4

WAR NEWS: Battle in the Carpathians grows in intensity * * * German reinforcements sent into Hungary * * * British ship sunk by German submarine.

GENERAL: Street riots signalize the

closing of the campaign to elect a successor to Mayor Carter H. Harrison * * * The United States army officers observers with the German army have been recalled by Secretary of War Garrison.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Six steel towers are being forged for immense wireless stations. Two men shocked by electricity on a hotel floor in Long Beach * * * It is reported that the crowds at the Panama-Pacific Exposition are getting larger, more than 2,600,000 having been admitted in six weeks.

Monday, April 5

WAR NEWS: Austrians admit they have been forced to retreat in the Carpathians * * * Germany willing to pay damages to the United States for sinking Frye by the cruiser Eitel Friedrich.

GENERAL: Numerous presidential candidates are making their appearance on the Republican side and the campaign is taking shape * * * Twenty-six men were drowned in the Atlantic because of a great storm which swept the seaboard.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Engineer's splendid nerve prevents a tragedy when two trains of Santa Fe limited collide; eleven persons required medical aid * * * 15,000 greeted the Easter sun in impressive services on top of Mt. Rubidoux Sunday.

Tuesday, April 6

WAR NEWS: Critical situation in Italy * * * Strong measures adopted to protect German colony and German ships * * * Teetotalism in King George's household * * * Gifford Pinchot run out of Belgium by the Germans * * * Conflicting reports of the fighting between the Russians and the Teutons.

GENERAL: Terra Haute election fraud cases in the hands of the jury. Verdict expected this morning * * * Bryan asks Germany to pay \$228,059 for sinking the William P. Frye * * * Jaffa orange growers are hunting a market in the U. S. * * * Obregon's double offensive against San Luis Potosi.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: More suits attacking the validity of Southern Pacific's Imperial Valley claims * * * Chief of Police Sebastian indicted * * * Representatives go to Washington to urge full terminal rates to Los Angeles.

Wednesday, April 7

WAR NEWS: French offensive between the Meuse and the Moselle * * * Germany pouring troops into Hungary.

GENERAL: Terra Haute officials convicted of election conspiracy will be sentenced Monday * * * Thompson elected mayor of Chicago by a great Republican "landslide" * * * Reinforcements for the Garrison of Matamoros were rushed through yesterday by Carranza * * * Carranza rejects Bryan's plan for the neutralization of Mexico City * * * Prof. David Starr Jordan says war will end in a draw.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Chief Sebastian is temporarily suspended * * * United States Senator Weeks severely "panned" administration for its alleged Mexican blunders * * * D. C. Jackling, copper miner, arrives here en route to the East with his bride.

Cafe Bristol's Innovation

In order to be better able to take care of the large crowds of tourists expected here this spring and summer, William Schneider, proprietor of the Cafe Bristol, has made a complete reorganization of that popular restaurant. An entire new corps of chefs has been imported from New York to

Bargain in El Centro Property

FORTY acre tract of land right in the city of El Centro, one mile from post office, is offered for sale by owner for \$20,000. Subdivided it ought to sell readily for \$1000 an acre. The water situation is all settled, the bonds legalized, and the outlook is roseate in the Valley.

Apply to Mrs. S. A. Woodcock

Care THE GRAPHIC

114 East Fourth Street

Los Angeles

Investments

A term savings account earning five per cent, compound interest, makes an investment exceptionally attractive to those persons having idle money, who desire immediate returns.

The Hibernian Savings Bank offers you this opportunity as your money begins earning 5% interest the day of deposit.

Your principal is safe, available and cannot depreciate in value.

Call or write for further information.

"The Bank of Thrift"

Hibernian Savings Bank
2nd Floor
HIBERNIAN BLDG.
Spring & Fourth

assume charge of the kitchen work. The menu has been supplemented with a number of new dishes, while a general downward tariff revision of prices has been made, in order to make the Bristol more popular than ever. Beginning Monday an entirely new cabaret show will be given. This week the two headliners of the cabaret are Miss Violet MacDonald, the chic ragtime soubrette, and the La Ferra sisters, dancers de luxe.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. Lauretta Chase, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Ralph A. Chase, 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 8th day of April A. D., 1915.

M. LAURETTA CHASE,

Administratrix.

By RALPH A. CHASE, her attorney.
Date of first publication April 10, 1915.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In re Application for Dissolution of Coombs Investment Company, a corporation.

Notice is hereby given, that the Coombs Investment Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, a petition praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that the 19th day of April, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time, and the Court room of Dept. 10 of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 10th day of March, 1915.

(Seal) H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By F. J. Adams, Deputy Clerk.
Muhleman, Crump & Williams, Attorneys for Petitioner.

Social & Personal

BRIILLANT appointments marked the wedding of Miss Katherine Barnwell Johnson and Lieutenant Robert Munroe, U. S. N., Thursday evening, the ceremony being performed in Christ Episcopal church. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated, with Rev. Lawrence Idleman assisting. The church was artistically decorated with quantities of spring blossoms, Easter lilies, fresias, roses, tulips, renunculi, daffodils and trailing vines, with fluffy bows of tulle gracefully combined in the arrangement. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Perne Johnson, Jr., of West Twenty-eighth street, was given away by her father. She wore an exquisite gown of white satin, made Empire effect and along the simplest lines. The train was long and full and the veil of white tulle was caught in cap shape to the head, falling to the hem of the court train. She carried an arm bouquet of white orchids. Mrs. Morgan Adams was matron of honor, her gown, like that of the maid of honor and bridesmaids, being of soft satin made in the antebellum style, with the full hooped skirts, scalloped around the hem and with draped Empire bodice. At the top the bodice was draped with taffeta satin ribbons, caught at the back in a flat bow and with streamers falling to the hem of the skirt. Each streamer was finished at the end with a French bouquet of French roses. Miss Margaret Johnson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, her gown being similar to that of the bridesmaids, only two shades deeper in tone. The bridesmaids, attired in flesh colored soft satin gowns, were Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Ruth Powell and Miss Alice Elliott. All carried golden baskets filled with spring blossoms and trailing vines. Lieutenant S. T. Chew served Lieutenant Munroe as best man and the ushers, all of whom are brother-officers of the young bridegroom, were Lieutenant H. Jensen, commander of the flotilla; Lieutenant H. H. Bensen, Lieutenant W. F. Newton, Lieutenant S. C. Marsh and Lieutenant J. V. Ogan. Following the ceremony at the church an informal reception was given at the home of the bride's parents. Here the decorations were in roses and greenery, quantities of the flowers being used about the rooms. The young bride and groom enjoyed an hour of dancing with their friends before leaving on their wedding trip. Lieut. Munroe and his bride will first visit in Waco, Texas, with the former's parents, afterward going on to Washington, Annapolis, Chicago and New York. They plan to be away about two months. On their return they will make their home either in Los Angeles or Long Beach for several years, or until Mr. Munroe's detail in the United States ship building department expires.

Society this week-end is enthusiastically interested in the Lafayette Kit fashion show being given at the Alexandria. The novel affair opened yesterday and is to continue this afternoon and evening. For weeks the society matrons and maids have been deeply emerged in their preparations for this event and its success from the beginning was assured socially as well as financially. Naturally, the fashion show, the beautiful models and the modistes' exquisite creations are the major features of the affair, but the attendant social parties, luncheons and dinners, are prominent and delightful adjuncts. The models paraded at 8:30 and 10 o'clock last evening and the fashion promenades will be at 2:30, 4:00, 8:30 and 10

o'clock today and this evening. The long list of participants includes members of both the older and younger exclusive sets of the city, with prominent social leaders in charge. Members of the Los Angeles branch of the New York executive committee include Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. William Ellsworth Dunn, treasurer; Mrs. Granville MacGowan, secretary; Mrs. John Barnes Miller of Pasadena; Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. John Barnes Miller, Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mr. Carlton Burke, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, Mr. James Calhoun, Mr. John S. Cravens, Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. Michael J. Connell and Mr. Sayre Macneil. Many dinner and luncheon parties are planned in connection with the two-days' event. Mrs. Michael J. Connell entertained her group of assistants at a handsomely appointed supper last evening. Mrs. Allan C. Balch was hostess at a dinner party last evening, while today she will entertain with a tea at the matinee and again at dinner tonight. Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mrs. Granville MacGowan each presided at a dinner party last evening and will give matinee teas and dinner parties this evening, incidental to the fashion show.

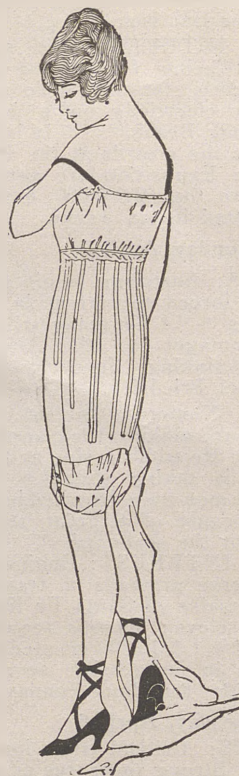
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grant of 450 South Kingsley Drive will leave soon for their summer camp in the lumber districts of the north.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Wernick of Ocean View avenue, assisted by Miss Augusta Lamb will entertain this evening with a merry barn dance. The affair will be of novel appointments and one of the most enjoyable events of the week's calendar.

In honor of her daughter, Miss Agnes Wickfield Britt, whose formal debut the occasion marked, Mrs. Eugene W. Britt of 2141 West Adams street, entertained with a tea yesterday afternoon. Pink Cherokee roses were attractively arranged about the drawing room and yellow iris and spring blossoms prettily decorated the dining room. Especially pleasing was the musical program rendered by a three piece orchestra including harp, violin and cello. Among the matrons who will assist Mrs. Britt as parlor hostesses are, Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray, Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett, Mrs. William Read, Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker, Mrs. William Thomas Johnson, Mrs. William E. Staunton, Mrs. R. P. McJohnston, Mrs. William Brill, Mrs. David S. Barmore, Mrs. W. M. Lewis, Mrs. J. H. Call, Mrs. A. J. Chandler, Mrs. Henry Kinsley, Mrs. John Wolfskill, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Wallace Sias, Mrs. Ben Goodrich, Mrs. E. W. Smith, Mrs. John H. Lashbrook, Miss Katherine Ebbert, Miss Carrie Waddilove and Miss Florence Hunsaker. A bevy of debutantes who also will assist are Miss Marie McCoy, Miss Sylvia Moore, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Byna Kingsley, Miss Jane Richardson and Miss Mary Scott.

Mrs. S. W. Strong of 721 Bonnie Brae street is entertaining with a bridge luncheon at Beverly, Wednesday, April 14, one hundred and fifty invitations having been issued. Decorations will be carried out in spring blossoms. Miss Margaret Dent and Miss Esther Dent will be in charge

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of the card tables. Other friends who will assist Mrs. Strong in entertaining are Mrs. Edward Moore of Indiana, who is the house guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bareford of Ingham street; Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. W. A. Morehouse, Mrs. W. McAllister, Mrs. Malone Joyce, Mrs. J. C. Rives of Downey, Mrs. Milford Mayberry, Mrs. William Stose, Mrs. George Rector, Mrs. George Ralphs, Mrs. Viola Jeffries, and Miss Lulu Page.

One of the most delightful society events of the week was the dancing party given last evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of West Adams street. The affair was in compliment to Mrs. Marguerite Buckler Stevenson of Paris and Mrs. E. J. Benedict of San Francisco, who are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth. The spacious ballroom of the Little Theater where the party was given was ablaze with pink blossoms and the dining room was attractive in a color scheme of yellow. Modern dances were enjoyed and a few figures in the old fashioned cotillions were danced. Favors for the cotillions were hidden in floral umbrellas suspended from the chandeliers. One hundred and fifty guests participated in the pleasures of the evening.

Mr. G. Allen Hancock is entertaining a party of friends on a week-end yachting trip to San Diego. His guests include Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, Mr. Woodford Davisson, Mrs. Margaret Lewis, Mrs. M. G. Breneman, Mr. Dan McFarland and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Potter.

Of interest to eastern as well as local society folk was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Delores de Remer, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bell de Remer, to Mr. William Pendry Bidelman.

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The ceremony took place at the Wilshire Presbyterian church, Rev. Patterson officiating. The decorations were in yellow and green, ferns and tulle ribbons being gracefully combined. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a gown of white taffeta, made with the high waist line and a bodice of rich

old lace. Her cap was of duchess lace, the veil of tulle being caught by sprays of orange blossoms which fell to the waist. She carried an arm bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Mari-ann Bidelman, sister of the bridegroom, assisted as maid of honor, wearing a gown of yellow taffeta with a butterfly bow of yellow tulle in her hair. She carried an arm muff of maidenhair ferns and tulle ribbon. Mrs. de Remer was matron of honor to her daughter. Her gown was a sand-colored satin with chiffon ruffles and she carried a bouquet of golden jonquils and ferns. Mr. Samuel Teel de Remer served Mr. Bidelman as best man. Little Violet and Muriel Strickland, in dainty frocks of yellow silw, assisted as ribbon bearers. Following the ceremony a reception was given for a few of the most intimate friends of the young couple. After May 1 Mr. and Mrs. Bidelman will be at home to their friends at 1632 Sixth avenue. The bride is a graduate of Dana Hall, Wellesley and a member of the Iota Beta Phi sorority, while Mr. Bidelman was graduated from Cornell University and is a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity.

In the presence of a large number of friends and relatives, the marriage of Miss Lila Elsie Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Weaver of Hollywood, to Rev. Neal Dodd of Petaluma was solemnized Wednesday evening at St. Stephen's church, Hollywood. Rev. J. Arthur Evans officiated. The bride was given away by her father. The church was artistically decorated with Easter lilies and golden genesta blossoms, combined with asparagus ferns and fluffy bows of yellow tulle ribbons. The bride wore a gown of white charmeuse satin, made with an overdrape of Alencence lace and tulle. Her veil, which fell to the hem of the court train, was caught to her head with a spray of orange blossoms. The bouquet was an arm shower of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Dorothy Weaver, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor and Miss Mae Gibson assisted as bridesmaid. Both wore gown of lavender and yellow taffeta silk. Their hats were of lavender and the long streamers of the same color were caught up by clusters of yellow rosebuds. Each carried a basket filled with yellow roses and white sweetpeas, the handle being adorned with bows of lavender tulle. Mr. Crawford Ashley Porter of San Francisco was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Eugene Letts, Harland Weaver and William Gibson. Following the service at the church a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, where the decorations were of the same color as prevailed at the church. Rev. and Mrs. Dodd left later for a short wedding trip. After May 1 they will be at home in Petaluma, where the former is in charge of St. John's Episcopal church.

One of the most attractive of the many society affairs of this post-lenten season was the artistically appointed luncheon given Wednesday afternoon at the San Gabriel country club by Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street. The affair was one of a series of similar entertainments which Mrs. Churchill is planning for this season. About forty guests were invited for this occasion. The decorations were attractively carried out with quantities of bright yellow poppies and foliage. Mrs. David H. McCartney, daughter of the hostess, came up from La Jolla to attend the luncheon. She plans to remain for a visit of several weeks with her parents here.

One of the attractive brides-elect, Miss Helene Montague is being most delightfully feted just now by her friends, who have arranged a series of prenuptial affairs between now and April 21, the date set for her marriage to Mr. Otis D. Colin of San Francisco. One of the most pretentious

of the entertainments planned will be the affair which Miss Frances Richards of West Adams street will give April 15. One hundred and fifty invitations have been sent out for the occasion and the assistants will include Mrs. Stanley Visel, Mrs. Clinton Merritt, Jr., Mrs. Reginald Lloyd-Jones, Mrs. Irwin Widney, Mrs. Frank Kanne, Mrs. Warren Horton, Mrs. William Stone, Mrs. Kenyon Lee, Mrs. Walter Brunswig, Mrs. John Rutledge of San Francisco; Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Marguerite Hughes, Miss Marie Scheller and Miss Lillian Van Dyke. Among those who have already entertained for Miss Montague are Mrs. Shirley Meserve, Mrs. Joseph Percival and Mrs. W. T. Dalton. Miss Eloise Watson of 845 Kenmore avenue gave a theater party and tea Thursday and today Mrs. Loynahan will entertain for Miss Montague with an informal tea party. Next week several other affairs are planned, including a theater party which Mrs. Stanley Guthrie will give Saturday, April 17. The Monday following, Mrs. W. B. Cline will give a dancing party and Tuesday, April 20, Mrs. Lewis Schaller will be hostess at a dinner party at her home in St. Andrews place. Miss Montague has chosen as her assistants Mrs. Guthrie and Mrs. Rutledge, for each of whom she served as a bridesmaid last year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sale left Wednesday for San Francisco where they will meet the latter's mother and sister, Mrs. R. F. Wilson and Mrs. Leslie Wilson, who will leave Monday for their home in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Miss Marjorie B. Tufts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts is planning to leave April 15 for San Francisco where she will visit with relatives while enjoying the Exposition. Later she will meet friends with whom she will go east for a visit of several months with relatives and other friends in New York and Canada.

Two of the season's most popular brides-elect, Miss Katharine Johnson and Miss Louise Fleming, were guests of honor this week at several delightful pre-nuptial entertainments. Tuesday afternoon the two young women shared honors at a delightfully-appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Nathaniel W. Myrick and Mrs. John G. Mott, the affairs being given at the home of the latter on Portland street. About thirty-five or forty members of the younger set enjoyed the occasion. Small tables were used, and at each a center piece of vari-colored ranunculi and foliage was arranged. Places were marked by gold monogrammed cards. Tuesday evening Miss Johnson and her fiancé, Lieutenant William Robert Munroe, U. S. N., were the guests of honor at an informal dancing party given by Miss Conchita Sepulveda. The home was artistically decorated with spring blossoms and ferns and about forty guests were entertained. Members of the bridal party for Miss Johnson and Lieutenant Munroe, were entertained Wednesday evening at an attractively appointed dinner party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., on West Twenty-eighth street.

Mrs. William Monroe Lewis of 3016 South Figueroa street was the hostess Tuesday afternoon at a delightful luncheon and bridge whist party, the affair being in honor of Mrs. Eugene W. Britt, who returned recently from a trip abroad; and Mrs. Hill Hastings, one of the attractive brides of the season, formerly Miss Helen Newlin. Clusters of Scotch broom and lilac blossoms were used for table decorations and quantities of spring blossoms and greenery were arranged gracefully about the rooms. Besides the guests of honor there were present Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Cliff Page, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Bohon, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. William Thomas Johnston, Mrs. Walter Lysle,



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Mrs. Volney Howard with her young son, Volney, Jr., left the first of the week for San Francisco, where they will visit for several weeks with Mrs. Howard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Munson.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner S. Kent of Sixth avenue, with their son, Paul Kent, have returned from a motor trip to San Diego where they went as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reese and their son LeRoy Reese.

Mrs. Isaac Milbank of Country Club Drive has returned from a several days' trip to San Diego and was accompanied home by Mrs. E. E. Pardee of the Bay City, formerly prominent in local society circles. Although Mrs. Pardee's stay here is limited, she is being delightfully feted by her many old-time friends. Wednesday Mrs. Milbank entertained for Mrs. Pardee with an informal little luncheon, other guests including Mrs. William Davis, her sister, Mrs. David Peacock and Mrs. George H. Safford, all of Hotel Darby; Mrs. C. R. Thomas, Mrs. Dan Murphy and Mrs. Milbank Johnson.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Barnard of Alhambra upon the arrival Tuesday of a dainty wee daughter. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark of 9 St. James park are rejoicing also, this being the first little granddaughter they have welcomed into their family. Their two handsome young grandsons are the children of another son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole. Mrs. Barnard, before her marriage was Miss Katherine Clark, the youngest of Mr. and Mrs. Clark's daughters.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of Los Angeles Graphic, published weekly at Los Angeles, for April 1, 1915.

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Owner, Samuel T. Clover, 114 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (If there are none, so state.) None.

SAMUEL T. CLOVER.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1915.

JACQUEMINOT M. MINDERHOUT,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(Seal.)
(My commission expires March 13, 1919.)

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NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

No. 28944

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Cowper, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Hilda Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler for the Probate of Will of Margaret Cowper, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to Hilda Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler will be heard at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of April, 1915, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated March 23, 1915.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.

By H. H. Doyle, Deputy Clerk.
John Beardsley, 336 Title Insurance Building, Attorney for Petitioner.

PUBLIC LAND SALE
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Non-Coal. 021326

April 3, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of Mabel Grace Kelch, Serial No. 021326, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.50 per acre, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of May, 1915, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 17, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. M.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

AFTER all, the Metropolitan orchestra is not to come to the coast this season. It seems that the management of the San Francisco exposition planned too largely in asking for both the Boston symphony orchestra and the Metropolitan orchestra, and having to decide between the two, chose the Boston band. The Boston symphony orchestra will take train from Boston May 9, to the San Francisco Exposition, where Dr. Muck will conduct thirteen concerts. The conditions of the contract for the San Francisco concerts make it impossible for the orchestra to give concerts in any other western city during the May tour. The programs for the concerts have been forwarded, and the arrangements for the trip are complete in every detail. The orchestra will return three weeks from May 9 and open the "Pop" season in Boston Symphony Hall. It is understood that part of the cost of the unusual undertaking will be met by Col. Higginson, as he is anxious to have the people of the Pacific coast hear the Boston orchestra. A number of years ago the Union interfered with Col. Higginson's efforts to engage certain European instrumentalists. He thereupon requested the entire orchestra to resign from the Union, believing that such action would enable him to strengthen the organization by engaging the best musical talent available abroad. From that time on the Boston symphony orchestra has been known as "non-union" and this explains the present efforts of the federation to have the San Francisco engagement cancelled.

It is announced from Boston that "from towns and cities far distant from San Francisco special trains will be run for those who go to hear the Boston orchestra. Two thousand will go from Los Angeles alone." Whether this is two thousand trains or two thousand persons is not stated but, supposing the latter is meant, it is flattering as showing the Boston idea of our appreciation of good music. And, incidentally, it flatters the Boston self-esteem. There is no doubt that two thousand (persons) will go to San Francisco from Los Angeles in May, but there does linger a slight doubt that this number goes for the specific purpose of attending symphony hall. It is a pity, however, that Los Angeles could not hear one or more concerts of the celebrated Higginsonian band en route home.

Once in a while there appears a musical book that is worthy of note in these columns. Just now the leading patrons of our symphony orchestra are passing from hand to hand the few copies that have arrived of the story of the Boston Symphony Orchestra told by M. A. de Wolf Howe; for the Boston band is the forerunner and grandfather of all the other American symphony orchestras and a readable story of its career is welcome to lovers of symphony music. The title of this book is the name of the orchestra. A good deal of it is given to valuable historic data, but the rest is told in pleasing style, from the predecessors of this orchestra down to its present season. Of course, much attention is given to George Henschel, its first leader, and to William Gericke, its ardent drillmaster; next, of course, to the "angel," the financial sponsor for it all, Henry Higginson. It is not all

dry or all musical reading, for there are numerous bits of humor, incidents that developed in the home life, the practice room or the tours of the organization. Standing, as it does, in the forefront of American musical enterprises, a breezy history of this organization will be desired by all who enjoy good musical reading, and to such it is commended as one of the most valuable musical publications of the year. It is handsomely illustrated with reproductions of photographs and is published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co.

San Francisco certainly is having a round of musical entertainment and education. In a recent week there were eighty concerts, including, of course, those at the Exposition. And this is early in the season. Los Angeles had practically nothing for two weeks. And yet San Francisco does not extend the helping hand. The Philippine constabulary band had excellent audiences at the Exposition grounds and so it was brought "down town" for a concert and the audience numbered about 150 persons. One would think the band would come to Los Angeles out of sheer self defense. We could raise the limit to 200 at least.

This evening the Brahms quintet will be heard at Blanchard hall. As this excellent organization gives only a few programs each season, and those of the highest order of merit, the really musical portion of the public is not slow to take advantage of it. The program includes the Piano Quintette in A Minor by Saint-Saens, and the Piano Quintette, Opus 118, of Philip Scharwenka. Soloist will be Roland Paul, tenor, who, will sing an aria from Leoncavallo's "Zaza," "Si j'étais rayon," by Vidal, and Richard Strauss's "Caecilie."

Arthur Blakely has been giving a series of noonday programs on the organ of Trinity Auditorium, open to the public without admission fee and in furtherance of the idea of the Trinity management to make the house of service to the people at large.

Constance Balfour has returned to Los Angeles from an operatic tour in the east, in which she traveled nearly 12,000 miles. Mrs. Balfour sang for a time in opera in South Africa and brought home from there a diamond field of her own. She was visiting the diamond fields near Praetoria and the discoverer of the great Cullinane diamond gave her a chunk of the blue earth in which the precious gems are found; this she preserves against the proverbial stormy day, when she plans to break it up and get the diamond that may be hidden there. Mrs. Balfour sang in two concerts with the Ellis Club in former seasons and it will be interesting to hear her again at the next Ellis Club concert and see what development her excellent voice has made in these years abroad.

Here is a peculiar conjunction of names: In a certain Los Angeles restaurant where high class music is played, the violinist is Bernardine Whalen; the pianist is Grayce Bernard and the cellist is Bernard Bierlich. Certainly "Bernard" seems the lucky word for that orchestra.

Statistics coming from Germany show that ninety-eight per cent of the German Musicians' Union who are

not enlisted in the army are out of employment. Out of a given 1716 musicians only nineteen were employed. This is a natural and to-be-expected result of so great a war, but it is a most serious predicament. Let those in this country who grumble over reduced incomes consider the straits of musicians on the continent.

Included in an editorial in Musical America recently was reference to the all-American program given by the Brahms quintet in Los Angeles a month ago. It was cited in a group of fifteen American concerts, one of which was in Rochester, N. Y., where Harry Bernhart, former leader of the Los Angeles Apollo Club, gave a concert with a chorus of two thousand. The same paper says Marjorie Nichols, a young Los Angeles pianist, playing at San Diego, "was the attraction at the last two concerts of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra. Miss Nichols gave a wonderful performance of the A Minor Concerto of Grieg. She received tremendous applause and after long persuasion played Moszkowski's Valse, Op. 34, No. 1. This she executed in masterly style, showing that, with a profound technique, she possesses temperament. Not yet satisfied the audience recalled her and after some five or six curtain calls Miss Nichols played the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

Closing concerts of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra will be given Monday afternoon, May 17, and Tuesday evening, May 18, at the Temple Auditorium when the great Choral Symphony of Beethoven will be performed. The co-operation of the Ellis and Lyric clubs speaks volumes for the growing spirit of camaraderie in the local musical world and shows that the policy of the Symphony board of directors is bringing a reward in the way of good concerts for Los Angeles and in uniting the musical elements of the city. The soloists for the symphony will be Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Lemuel J. Selby, Messrs. Roland Paul and Clifford Lott. Season ticket holders will be given opportunity to exchange their Trinity Auditorium seats for those of Temple Auditorium, due notice being given as to the hour and the place, and it is announced that prices for the two performances will be the same. The production of this great Ninth Symphony is one of the ambitions of all directors and the attainment of this end so early in his career as director of the Los Angeles Symphony is a notable triumph for Mr. Tandler.

At the Dominant Club meeting last Saturday afternoon at the Ebell Club house, a short but delightful program was given by the following artists: Beethoven violin and piano sonata, by Arnold Krauss and Elizabeth Jordan Eichelberger; the Prayer from "La Tosca," sung effectively by Constance Balfour; a Chopin nocturne and a Ganz Etude Caprice played by Charlotta Comer; and Ed. Shank sang "Invictus" (Huhn), "Requiem" (Homer), "Dawn in the Desert" (Ross), and "Sacrament" (McDermid). A large part of the feminine portion of the local musical fraternity was present and enjoyed the music, the sociability and the refreshments.

Tomorrow week another popular orchestral concert will be given by the Woman's Orchestra at Temple Auditorium.

Jaime Overton has changed the date of his violin recital to Wednesday, April 14, at Trinity Auditorium.

Dean Skeele presented in piano recital last Tuesday night one of his leading piano pupils, Wesley Kuhnle. This 16-year lad has made an excellent record for himself in the Col-

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lege of Music, U. S. C., and his program was one that would do credit to any piano graduation recital.

Brahms quintet has in rehearsal a quintet by Ad. M. Foerster, of Pittsburgh for the Congress of American Musicians. The composer will play the piano part.

Gertrude Ross presented several of her latest songs at the Gamut Club last night, sung by Mrs. Grace Mabey.

Archibald Sessions closed his season of organ recitals at Christ church last Wednesday with an unusually good program. Mr. Sessions holds the record for organ recitals in Los Angeles, this one having been his 115th program on the organ of that church.

One of the numbers announced for the concert of the First Congregational orchestra, last night, was the "Rosa Munde" overture. This is the only musical work with which Rosa stands credited.

Quite a good program was offered at Trinity Tuesday night headed by the L. A. Oratorio Society. Soloists were G. A. Hancock, May McD. Hope, F. A. Hermann, R. M. Staples, and Irene Wadley. All for the benefit of the Children's Home Society.

Senor and Senora J. Almada of Mexico with their three charming daughters and two sons are again in Los Angeles and for the present are at Hotel Cordova.



By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

WILLIAM H. GRAF, representative of the Berlin Photographische Gesellschaft of New York City, which has, doubtless, reproduced the greatest number of the masterpieces in art, has been in the city for several days. He is thoroughly conversant with art matters and talks interestingly concerning the future of American art. The great American landscape will not come out of the West; he thinks California landscape, in particular, is too picturesque—and not sufficiently artistic. In fact, we have no American art as yet, is his conclusion. It will take us at least twenty-five years to forget the foreign influence. At present, the ordinary American knows few artists besides Millet, Corot or Daubigny. There are many splendid painters of all nationalities and more definite knowledge concerning the masters in the art of the world might be a great influence for good. "I believe," he says, "the decoration of the schoolroom, with reproductions of famous pictures, will be an important factor in the education of our future art patrons. The wonderful new color presentments will be an important factor in the education of our future art patrons. The wonderful new color presentments will help them to know the actual size of each canvas as well as its chromatic interpretation. Many young people have been led to believe (because of the popular black and white reproductions) that all pictures had been executed in monotone." And a last word concerning art appreciation in America: It is possibly best interpreted by a story which William M. Chase, the dean of American artists, so happily relates. He was passing down Fifth avenue, New York and came by one of the palatial residences from which several women, members of New York's four hundred, were leaving to enter their automobiles. Said Mrs. V. to a companion, "You made an awful mistake this afternoon!" Mrs. A., "What do you mean?" Mrs. V., "Don't you re-

member, when they were talking about Botticelli?" Mrs. A., "Yes,—but what is that!" Mrs. V., "It's a wine—not a cheese!"

* * *

In his first exhibition, J. Duncan Gleason is showing some thirty marines and landscapes. Most of them are transcripts of the environs of Laguna Beach and Catalina, while a few show interesting open sea effects along the Atlantic coast. In these canvases Mr. Gleason exhibits an unusually fine understanding of draughtsmanship, a fundamental principle oftentimes lacking in the work of marine artists. His atoms and elements vibrate verity of interpretation, plus a fine sense of feeling for the fitness of things. He began when still a toddler to draw the things he saw about him. He was the favorite pupil in school days and was privileged

commission necessitated his going to New Mexico where in the village of Acoma he made the sketches for "The Rain Dance" which now hangs in El Tovar tavern in the Grand Canyon, Arizona. In the summer of 1908 he traveled through Wales, England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, Tangiers, Spain and Africa. One of the sketches made on that tour is to be seen in this exhibition. It is an old mill at Vernon, a sister city of Giverny, the artists' Mecca in France. Water color is the medium used for its interpretation and in expression it is tender and vital, sensing the low tone French colors.

* * *

Upon his return he settled in New York, remaining in the metropolis four years and studying the sea in his thirty-six foot auxiliary yacht which is his floating studio on the Atlantic Coast. He tells me that he always enjoyed sailing for about one hundred miles off the coast of Cape Cod and that while so engaged had almost a miraculous adventure. To quote him, "The ocean is more masculine and it is the craving to do something big which has power that makes me long to paint the sea. I particularly like vigorous subjects. The power of the ocean appeals to me more than its color or drawing. These are only



"THE TRADE WIND," CANVAS BY J. DUNCAN GLEASON

to do the drawing on the board. All the preliminary knowledge thus gained developed when he studied first with William Lees Judson, then at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco under Matthews. With the thus acquired information he began his career as an illustrator on Out West and Sunset Magazines, working all the while that he might obtain a competency to maintain him while he finished his student days at the Chicago Art Institute. There Vanderpool was his greatest inspiration and as a consequence of his labors there he received at the end of two sessions the highest award given before 1902 for anatomical drawing.

* * *

Going to New York he entered the life classes at the Art Students' League where Frank Vincent DuMond and Henry Reuter Dahl gave him criticism. His drawings accompanying the autobiographies of Admirals Dewey and Schley, which ran in the Cosmopolitan were executed at that period. These illustrated the progress of the U. S. navy from its inception, in the days of the sailing ship and the tripartite and carried one down to the modern battleship. Other magazine work followed and with hard-earned money he returned to California, his native heath. His next

accessories to the fact. There is a system to waves which shore people do not understand. A short wave curves over gracefully and an ocean

(Continued on Page 15.)

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Week of April 10 to 17

Helena Dunlap—nine new canvases—Museum Art Gallery.
Japanese Prints—a loan (Public Library)—Museum Art Gallery.
J. Bond Francisco—new landscapes—Friday Morning clubhouse.
J. Duncan Gleason—marines and landscapes—Royer Gallery, So. Hill St.
Edwin M. Dawes—Minnesota and California landscapes—Kanst Gallery, 854 South Hill.
George Henry Melchers—landscapes—Kanst Gallery.
William Keith and old Spanish and Flemish masters—Raymond Gould shop, 32 West Fifth.
Japanese Prints—Nathan Bentz shop, 212 West Fourth.
Frank W. Cuprien—marine—A. A. Byrens, 836 South Broadway.
Sixteenth Century Stained-glass windows—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.
Cordova hand-tooled leather—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.
Art in home photography—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theater Building.
Guy Rose, Mabel Packard and Laura M. D. Mitchell—The Gift Shop, Pasadena.
F. Carl Smith—Dutch scenes. Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.
Hamilton A. Wolf, portraits and compositions—Shakespeare club house, Pasadena.
Henri Wolf—wood engravings—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

Books

DIFFERING in plane, in setting and in attitude toward life, but alike in their adherence to the rules of the game, three books of fiction taken at random from the reviewer's bookshelf open up a world of thought on the literary status of the modern story. In our school history of literature we were taught that the soil from which the past literary giants sprang had been made rich with the forgotten leaves of mediocre effort left after a period of literary activity in which the whole nation seemed to have taken part. Artists and poets may scoff at the application of man-made rules to their beloved art. But it is only when beautiful proportion in the human body and in architecture had been brought to universal perfection in Greece; when the making of music was an evening pastime in Germany; and when the principles of art became the foundation of the French school system that Phidias flourished, the great composers appeared and Paris became the hot-house of the world's art. All this seems to find a parallel in the mastery attained in the technique of the short story and the novel which is now the common possession of the English speaking race. Everybody either may, can or must write stories. School children rival their parents in short-story contests and the dedication of one's latest novel or a copy of one's published story has become a common Christmas gift. The great American novel may not even be imminent, but surely the rules and tools are ready for the genius when he shall appear.

In order to obtain the thrill and excitement of a detective story one must enter the atmosphere of crime, and that deliberately. A great novel like "Les Miserables" does indeed, take us through the realm of crime as we follow the life struggle of a human atom chosen by the author to elucidate his theme. But the writer of detective stories frankly says, "Come, let us go a slumming for the fun of getting out alive." "Sheep's Clothing," Louis Joseph Vance's latest effort to amuse us is light in weight and bare in places of sufficient literary cover for its scaffolding. Laid partly in London and partly in New York, its action moves across the ocean on a transatlantic liner on which the villains crouch and slink and the sleuth casually watches as he leans against the rail. The social plane is high, but more precariously than to the manor born. And yet, using the rules and tools our age is polishing for coming genius, the author has put the parts together well, has controlled suspense and held the interest to the end. ("Sheep's Clothing." By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

Did Kate Douglass Wiggin out of her personal experience in the early free kindergartens of San Francisco start the literary process which has garnered from the poor a happy harvest to be given in all charity to the sad but book-devouring well-to-do? If not, some one else, perhaps Alice Hegan Rice started the procession of happy folk and now comes "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley" to teach us how to make the best of things. Surely, the craze for slumming which has now passed into forms of scientific social service was not borne in vain by the self-respecting poor if from the depths of the submerged can

come so many brave and happy snatches of song from "The Bird's Christmas Carol" down to the sweet soprano solo sung by Amarilly's little brother after he had been admitted to the choir of old Saint Mark's. Amarilly herself has a portion of the energy and vision which has built transcontinental railroads and opened up new country in the west. But her plat of ground was her own mind and her franchise covered all the finer things of life obtainable when once she turned from scrubbing theaters and wondering "if she couldn't rise." In this story the suspense is not so vital a feature and construction plans do not intrude; but the interest is maintained and all the hollow story form perfected by professionals is there and filled with a bit of real humanity. ("Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley." By Belle K. Maniates. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

In the "Taming of Amorette," a new story by the clever and witty Anne Warner, there is again the looking to rules for the building of a story in sustaining the suspense, presenting an obstacle to be overcome and preserving by artifice an interest culminating at the end. But the literary art that polishes is here in addition and the light, incidental and almost casual plot is rounded up and draped in something tangible and charming in its way. Taken seriously the story would be found wanting in its contact with real life. But taken as an hour's diversion it carries one pleasantly back and forth across the English channel many times with wedding couples, outing parties, or with several discarded lovers bent on a last adventure with their lady love. Amorette has many suitors and she loves them all. But masterly and woman-wise her self-accepted husband forces them in single harness, double, tandem, four-in-hand upon her, till she turns at last in desperation to find herself a conquered filly eating from his firm, domesticating hand. ("The Taming of Amorette." By Anne Warner. Illustrations by C. F. Underwood. Little, Brown Co. Bullock's.) M. U. S.

Old Farmer's Letters to His Son

Conditions of life on the farm have been made so much more tolerable in the last two or three generations that it is town life that has become difficult nowadays and hard to bear. There is a "back to the land" undertow dragging at the feet of the men who have been essaying the town game. Thousands have found their way back and tens of thousands are dreaming of it. It is not so much a movement to escape the killing grind of the life they now are living, as it is the following of an instinct as old as life itself—ownership in soil that they may call home. Some years ago, Mr. William R. Lighton had an article in the "Saturday Evening Post" which called out comment from every section of the country. Mr. Lighton was a newspaper man who sought and found the way to freedom in an abandoned farm. He has embodied, in a series of letters, not a little of life's philosophy and more sound common sense on the "back to the land movement" than is given to most authors.

An old but astute farmer, mellow with years of observation, yet down-to-date in his knowledge of the new agriculture, loves two things beyond

all else, the soil and his son; and in these letters to the son, who is attending an agricultural college, he gives a touching humanity to his keen, wise, practical interest in farming. The process of human adjustment carries with it much disappointment. The call of the land is an alluring call, and reaches the ears of all sorts of people; the world-weary, the defeated, the heavy-laden. An acquaintance of mine, a young man in an eastern city, had learned the boot and shoe trade. Dissatisfied, he moved upon a farm. Several years later, I again found him in the store and upon inquiry was informed by him that he had learned the boot and shoe business in two years, but that it would take several times as long to learn farming and he felt he could not afford to take the time. The illustration is typical of thousands of cases except that some of our senators seem not to realize they would be better ditch-diggers to the advantage of all concerned, and that possibly some of our ditch-diggers would be better senators. Those not farmers are prone to think of the soil as a place of unfailing safe refuge.

It should not be so much a "back to the land" as a "stay on the land" movement, for the truth of the matter is that nature is not in the habit of killing fatted calves for her prodigals just whenever they take a notion to turn back to her. It is difficult to renew acquaintances, to say nothing of being admitted to intimacy. Not only will the farmers find delight and profit in reading this little volume, but the city-dweller as well; while we who have passed only our boyhood days on the old farm will let our memories drift back to the old familiar scenes so delightfully described by Mr. Lighton. ("Letters of an Old Farmer to His Son." By William R. Lighton. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.) O. J. M.

Path Through European History

When one opens Robinson and Breasted's "Outlines of European History" he is hardly expecting to find three hundred pages of it devoted to Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome. This new book is rather unique in several respects, and one is in making us see that ancient history, as we commonly know the term, is truly the beginning of European history.

In other words, here is one consecutive story of civilization from the Pharaohs to Kaiser Wilhelm, emphasizing (since the middle ages) the part which has been played in Europe. This novel treatment is the result of the effort of history teachers to make the background of our own time more vital in its appeal. When we realize the ebb and flow of races, the struggles of kingdoms and petty tyrannies, that have brought about present affairs abroad, we cannot but seek for such a clear, concise, almost

fascinating book as this to help us understand what the long story has been.

This two volume work "deserves a place in every home." Designed as a school book, it is an entire departure from the old textbook method. The first volume, especially, will be seized on by old and young as most interesting to read. In 700 pages it traverses the space from Babylonia to the eighteenth century. There are not many travel books, or gift books, even, whose text is so pleasantly broken, every page or so, as this, by really excellent illustrations, and which creates and holds such a steady interest, by finding the human side in each event, and by describing conditions and institutions instead of mere events. It shows us and tells us of medieval life and buildings, cathedrals and handicrafts, instead of cataloguing dates and names.

The illustrations are remarkable in number and quality, including eight colored plates and many brown-tint inserts. There are 250 pictures altogether, each with a most entertaining footnote. Literature, art, engineering, culture and civilization in general, make the central theme in both the pictures and text of this noteworthy book. The second volume, which was published before the first, covers the story since 1700, devoting to it 500 pages. It is especially useful now, when we must know something of Metternich, of the Congress of Vienna, the making of Germany any of Austria-Hungary, of Britain, Russia and the Far East, as their threads are wound in and out of the tangle of today. Together, the two volumes may be recommended as seldom equalled for real values, both of substance and style. If a school book is ever welcome to grown-ups, this will be. ("Outlines of European History." J. H. Breasted, J. H. Robinson, and C. A. Beard. Ginn & Co. Bullock's.) J. L. W.

"God's Country—and the Woman"

Of course, no country is perfect without the woman, but this title refers to the Canadian Northwest where several other excellent stories by this author are laid. The background used is several degrees farther north than Ralph Connor's, and, consequently, a little more adventurous. The writer produces a mystery deep and dark, the development and solving of which form an interesting chain of events.

Philip Weyman, coming out of the far North, where he has been on a government mission, and where he lost his companions and suffered the usual hardships, when he believes he is still hundreds of miles from civilization and white men, suddenly finds himself, in the first chapter, face to face with the "loveliest woman," who is camping alone in a coulee. In half an hour he is eating fruit cake, pickles and lobster, instead of pemmican and

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prunes. In two hours he is engaged as her pretended husband to protect her from a scoundrel, of course; after having made the solemn promise to leave her forever after his usefulness is past. But he is so thoroughly in love at once he believes the secret may be solved and he be permitted to remain and become her sure enough husband.

Events follow one another in rapid succession, no time being "wasted" in philosophizing or scenery. The bravery of the heroine is revealed by the fact that she claims to be the mother of a baby to save another. But even this doesn't dampen Philip's ardor. His ever-ready "automatic" is frequently called into action. No well-regulated story or "movie" of adventure is complete without an "automatic," "Colts" and "Smith & Wessons" are back numbers. The heroine's gigantic father, with his great voice, idolizes her. She has her pack of savage wolf dogs for her sledge. These play a large part in the story.

After a big battle between the woodsmen and Indians on one side and the outlaws, Josephine is rescued. The villain and outlaws are exterminated, the mystery is cleared and the Missioner priest conveniently handy. ("God's Country—and the Woman." By James Oliver Curwood. Doubleday, Page & Co. Bullock's.)

Another Helpless Woman

How many of the problems of life work directly back to the question of the economic independence of women. When a woman comes of age and faces life without having been taught any means of self support, she is at the mercy of all the superficialities and hypocrisies of existence. The will to live is sufficiently strong to force her to marry without love, if she cannot find love, and from that point the path to doom is easy and almost inevitable, for in the absence of actual domestic breach there results a spiritual degeneracy that robs life of all that is worth while. It was the determination, even while confronting such a situation, not to compromise, that saved Elizabeth Anderson, the heroine of "The Dusty Road," from disaster. She was helpless herself, her mother was hard and material, her father sympathetic but ineffectual and a drunkard to boot, her brother a combination of the weaknesses of all of them. It was indeed a dusty road for a girl whose background was one of comparatively luxury and refinement. What a great difference there would have been in the entire story if Elizabeth had been given as her standard of womanhood the idea that until she is capable of supporting herself she is not worthy to accept the support of any man. There is no problem which she faces in the entire story which would not have melted away before that solution. It is an interesting story of real men and women, told carefully and with an attention to detail which is decidedly pleasing. ("The Dusty Road," by Therese Tyler. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

Notes from Bookland

Walter Prichard Eaton, best known as a dramatic critic, has written a tale of country living which Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out March 26. Its title is "The Idyl of Twin Fires," and it tells of the effort of a young college professor to go "back to the land" and of the help he received from a nice girl.

Appletons offer several stories for older boys in their list of March publications. These include a new volume in Sherwood Dowling's "Gray Whale" series, in which that submarine becomes the flagship of a fleet. Marshall Jenkins, who has been taking the Boy Scouts of Troop Five through a series of adventures, adds a third volume in which "The Jackal Patrol of Troop Five" has some exciting times. In "The War for the

ART AND ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 13.)

wave has no undertow and therefore no curve to it. The crest is simply blown by the wind and slips down the face of the wave. While painting the sea one may give full play to their imagination, as its constant movement is kaleidoscopic."

* * *

At Exposition Park the new canvases of Helena Dunlap's are attracting deserved attention. The day I reviewed them was sultry and the humid air made one uncomfortable. How good those snow scenes felt only one who, like myself, has lived in a cold country can appreciate. Miss Dunlap's snow vibrates the cold atmosphere as do those of few other interpreters of like subjects. Some say Redfield's snow is marvelous—that Jonas Lie knows snow, but, somehow, I feel the dead weight of this element more than any other quality in their interpretations. Miss Dunlap's is light and fluffy, because she places her pigment juicily, with broad, loose, yet bold strokes. And then see how she gains her impressions of ungainly masses built up of color complements of strange values—yet she always gets her effects. It takes vision to do that! Her colors never glare or shout their presence in advance of your approach to a pic-

ture. Their vital carrying-qualities are asserted without the glare of a fanfare. She is also a fine draughtswoman; view her "Mountain Top" and you will see how with a few strokes, cleverly placed, she gets her story together. The grouping of the architectural background—the setting of the houses is unusually fine. One can almost count the pigment lines which complete each building.

* * *

Our illustration is a fine example of Mr. Gleason's marine canvases. Its original title was "The Trade Wind" and it was suggested by the poem "The ship that sailed into the sun." There is splendid action in this open sea interpretation, whose whaling bark rides abreast of the struggling elements. The late afternoon sun of a summer's day forms an admirable background and lends distinction to the composition. "The Grain Docks, New York" is another vital transcript and the activity of the scene is most interestingly depicted. There is bigness of expression without any overcrowding of the composition and the tone sense, while brilliant, does not jar one. Go and look at Mr. Gleason's pictures; they are well worth while. I should like to tell more about them but limited space forbids. Mr. Gleason has been in California since last May and most of this time has been passed at Laguna Beach.

* * *

These canvases were developed at Dunsuir in the northern part of the state and their execution was accomplished in a brief three weeks. Two particularly colorful bits are those of the Italian and Chinese quarters. The latter is a colorful medley of the locality, and this fact must be taken into consideration when viewing it. "Butterfly Avenue" what a picturesque place it is—and how alluringly it has been interpreted. One is almost tempted to take up one's residence there. By all means see these pictures! They remain until April 15.

* * *

The Edwin M. Daves pictures went on exhibition at the Kanst Gallery, Monday and many attended the evening private view and reception. These twenty-six canvases as I have already stated are transcripts of Minnesota and California. The six of Minnesota are splendid canvases. "Minnesota Winter," a prize picture has fine qualities atmospherically. It is broadly handled yet the poetic view has not been overlooked. "Budding Trees," which was accepted by the National Academy, is also executed in a dreamy mood. Its colors are crisp and vividly rendered. "The Birches," a bit of springtime, is big in handling and of most vital presentment. In the California scenes Mr. Daves shows his great adaptability to locality. Though he has been with us only for a few months he knows the texture quality of our landscape and understandingly interprets it, giving it a new version of expression. As you will remember Mr. Daves is seeking for the truth in art—I believe you will agree, after viewing his canvases, that he is on the right road to finding it.

* * *

These canvases remain until April 15, as do also those of George Henry Melcher of Topango, a newcomer here, so far as his canvases are concerned, but a resident of these parts for the last five or six years. Mr. Melcher is showing seven oils and a dozen water colors, besides three brown crayon studies. Of these "Radiant April" appeals to me most. A village stream with fresh young fields and greening hills are the chief notes of this composition, and "Through the Willows," a bit of the Topango canyon, is a transcript of a late afternoon in fall. The elements and atoms are attuned in this canvas and the one which hangs directly above is a replica of his own ranch environs, seen in the early sunlight. Mr. Mel-

cher understands color values and knows their relative dependency in contrast. He works in the modern brilliant key and uses the technique of the modernists. His interpretations of the vibrations of plain air are, perhaps, a trifle crude in that they are rendered too "sketchily." Mr. Melcher began to study at the Academy of Fine Arts and also received instruction at the Rose Valley School of Landscape near Philadelphia. His watercolors have hung in the Pennsylvania Academy and the Philadelphia Art Club exhibitions and he received a medal and diploma at the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland in 1905.

* * *

The wood engravings of Henri Wolf, N. A., of New York, are on exhibition at the O'Hara and Livermore shop in Pasadena. In the collection are two original conceptions of Mr. Wolf's "the Duck Pond" and "Lower New York in the Mist." Both of these show the vision of the artist. Especially is this noticeable in the latter composition. While there is depth and careful rendering of lines and masses it is also tenuous atmospherically.

* * *

reproductions are Vermeer's "Lady with the Lute" of the collection of Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and his "Young Woman at the Window," Valesquez' Portrait of a Spanish Girl, now hanging in the Hispanic Museum in New York City and his "Don Balthaza Carlos," Ambrogio de Predis's "Portrait of a Girl," Whistler's "Thomas Carlyle," Botticelli's "Madonna" now at the National Academy, London; Eastman Johnson's "The New England Peddler," that fanciful arrangement of an ordinary scene and Swain Gifford's "The Roadside."

* * *

Hamilton A. Wolf is holding an exhibition of nineteen portraits and compositions at the Shakespeare Clubhouse in Pasadena, which will be reviewed in these columns next week.

* * *

Guy Rose's landscapes are still at the Gift Shop in Pasadena. They have been favored with much attention and will remain indefinitely. In the same gallery are also some small canvases by Mabel Packard and miniatures by Miss Packard and Laura M. D. Mitchell. The canvases of Miss Packard are a revelation. How vital and strong they are! What fine color and what brilliant atmosphere! The landscapes are mostly interpretations of eucalypti. One in particular though small, has a stunning firmament and splendidly developed trees. Another has touches in the figures beneath the trees of the colors Gifford Beal is wont to employ. There are also several seascapes and two figure compositions. One a portrait of a child and the other a brilliant sunlight garden with a charmingly depicted child and her dog.

* * *

F. Carl Smith of Washington, D. C., who recently completed a portrait of Mrs. Champ Clark in that city, is holding an exhibition of scenes painted at Vollandam, Holland, at the Mabel Watson studio in Pasadena for the benefit of the "Red Cross."

* * *

The Architectural exhibit at the Stickney Memorial School of Fine Arts closes tomorrow (Sunday) and has been enjoyed by many Pasadenaans. It is comprehensive and interesting.

* * *

David Tice Workman of Minneapolis is visiting here for several weeks. He is a mural painter and many of his compositions decorate the school houses of his home town. These depict local conditions and their development. While here he is at work on a mural which is to occupy a prominent place when he returns. He is a pupil of Frank Benson of Boston, Frank Brangwyn of London and of the late Howard Pyle.

Stocks & Bonds

GENERAL sentiment on the collapse of the British deal for treasury stock of Union Oil company was manifest in the upward movement of the stock this week in the local market. The Weir option was quietly laid to rest the latter part of last week, and the opening of the present week witnessed a steadily improving tone in Union stock. At present writing the quotation is \$51.50 bid @ \$53.50. There has been very little trading, on account of the seeming scarcity of stock. One sale of Union Oil off board at as high as \$52.50 has been reported, and a few Union Provident shares changed hands on the exchange within a point of that figure.

It might seem strange that the failure of a deal which originally was expected to bring so many benefits to the company, should be followed by a bullish feeling in the market for the stock. But the option, since the opening of the war, has become more of an unsettling influence than any other factor. The failure of the deal was discounted so long ago as last August. It is, perhaps, with a sigh of relief that local followers of the market see the apparent passing of the last vestiges of that uncertain era in Union history which began with the giving of an option on the control to the General Petroleum interests more than two years ago.

Meanwhile, Union has been getting into excellent shape financially. There was probably never a day in its history when the company was so securely fortified. Its debts have been greatly reduced and its resources strengthened. Dividends would be paid in the near future, were it not for the war. It is to be hoped that the company will continue along its course under its native colors as heretofore, instead of trying to sail under the uncertain ensign of a foreign power.

Union Oil will hold its annual meeting next week at Orem. Several other companies are also due to hold theirs this month, among them Mexican Petroleum and the Associated. Stockholders of the General Petroleum already have held theirs, and elected officers and directors.

Except for a few deals in Home Telephone and Union Oil bonds and Western Union Oil stock, the trading has been confined mainly to the low-priced issues, such as California Hills at 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 and Consolidated Mines at 3 3/4. Los Angeles Investment has been selling to a limited extent at 49 cents. Western Union Oil has been at \$75. The dividend on this stock, which was cut off in February, on account of the inability of the company to deliver oil owing to a washout on the Associated pipeline in Santa Maria valley, has not yet been replaced. Union Oil fives and Home Telephone first fives have both been dealt in at 85.

E. L. Doheny, the petroleum magnate, and head of the Mexican Petroleum company is in England.

Banks and Banking

Vice-President Reynolds of the Continental & Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, predicts easy money all summer, but considerable disturbance in refinancing of foreign short-

time loans when peace is restored. Business, especially retail business, all through the west is flat. Farmers are disposed to economize. Vice-President Waldeck of the same bank, just back from New York, says bankers there continue a waiting attitude, but are not apprehensive if general business and markets continue a conservative course.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Total dividend and interest disbursements for April are estimated by Dow, Jones & Co. at \$163,500,000, as compared with \$164,000,000 last year. Down to the present time dividends declared payable this month by New York City banks and trust companies and various corporations of the United States aggregate \$84,790,871, based on a total capitalization of \$4,381,909,411. Interest payable in April on the bonds of railroad, industrial and miscellaneous companies, as well as those of cities, states and counties in the United States, and on the government debt, totals \$78,730,773. The total of bonds of every class outstanding upon which this interest is payable is \$4,016,660,150.

Comparison of current prices shows that many stocks have not only risen to a level with those of July 27, at which selling was encountered early in the year, but it shows that a respectable number have risen considerably above the level of the London settlement, at which stocks were carried over by the English banks. Fully half a selected group of international stocks are up to and above their level of July 27, the principal issues of this group being Atchison, Chesapeake, Denver, Erie, Illinois Central, Kansas & Texas, New York Central, Ontario & Western, Norfolk Pennsylvania and Union Pacific. Some of these stocks are sufficiently above the July 27 level as to signify that whatever distress stock may have been carried over in England from before the war period, that distress stock has been pretty well accounted for. This does not signify necessarily that foreign selling is ended, however.

Huge Increases in American Exports

Continued huge increases in American exports to France and Great Britain and the principal European neutrals were shown in an analysis of foreign trade for February, issued recently by the department of commerce. Improvement in trade condition in some of the Latin-American countries as they affect the United States, was reflected in the statement, which showed that exports to Brazil last month were worth \$2,174,426, compared with \$1,801,002 in January and \$1,854,763 in February, 1914. Exports to France last month amounted to \$41,996,086, against \$11,762,022 in February, 1914. Exports for the eight-month period ending in February were \$184,240,099, against \$120,901,892 in the corresponding period of the preceding year. The United Kingdom received exports valued at \$101,731,729 last month, compared with \$49,522,876 in February, 1914. The eight-month period's exports were \$537,128,120, against \$39,735,128 in the preceding year. Italy bought goods worth \$26,668,492, compared with \$5,052,957 in February, 1914. Germany

received American merchandise worth \$4,920,426, as compared with \$24,007,322 in February last year. In the eight-month period Germany's American imports were \$262,204,443, against \$28,577,371 for the same period ending last month. Exports to European Russia totaled only \$464,870 last February, against \$2,159,261 for February, 1914.

Notes from Bookland

"The Mysticism of Music," by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., former rector of All Souls' Church, New York, will be published early next month by the Putnams. It will present a philosophical treatise on music, which it studies from the viewpoints of its intellectual and scientific bases, as well as from that of the emotions, and will show it, in its harmony and imagination, to be a symbol of cosmic law.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce three issues in the Edinburgh Lecture Series, by T. Troward, including the "Dore Lectures," which take their title from having been delivered in the Dore Gallery, London; "The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science," and "Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning."

Josiah Strong, to whose "The New World Life" there was warm response two or three years ago, has written "The New World Religion," which will be a logical sequel to the previous work.

Among the spring publications of the University of Chicago Press will be a volume of "University of Chicago Sermons," which will contain eighteen sermons delivered by leading men of the university faculties.

Brief Musical Notes

It is stated on good authority that one improvement in conditions in Germany as the result of the war is the diminution of amateur concerts and musical debuts. On the other hand, New York is groaning under an increased number of such "attractions." As one journal says, "The majority of these concerts are flat failures and no one profits from the recitals except the advertising columns of the daily papers and the managers who obtain a fee for arranging them. The audiences are made up of a deadly collection of semi-students, would-be artists and disappointed amateurs are the ever-presents in the concert rooms." This sounds a bit disgruntled. It has the flavor of being written by a person who has the enviable duty of "writing up"—or down—the concerts as they take place. Yet the plaint as to the number of musical affairs doubtless has a solid basis, for the influx of the Americans from Europe, the well done and the half-baked, is without number, and their natural first thought is to "give a concert" and secure the attendant publicity which they hope will result in future engagements and, at the worst, a teaching clientele.

Recently, a nice little comedy involved Godowsky, the pianist. It seems he was engaged to play at the Biltmore, New York, but saw the name of Caruso in larger type than was his, and so refused to appear. Now comes R. E. Johnson, his manager, with a threatened suit for breach of contract. Caruso misses all the fun, for he has gone to Europe.

Mrs. F. W. Asbhoff and daughter, Miss Rebecca Asbhoff of Galveston, Texas, are expected to arrive in Los Angeles in the near future to be house guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kellner, of Sixth avenue. The visitors, who are Mrs. Kellner's mother and sister, are coming here to attend the marriage of Miss Ethelyn Kellner to Mr. Francis Beckett, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Beckett of this city, which will take place April 21.

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NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

No. 28919

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Theodore W. Klingenberg, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Rosa W. Klingenberg for the Probate of Will of Theodore W. Klingenberg, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to Rosa W. Klingenberg will be heard at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of April, 1915, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated March 20, 1915.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.

By H. Brodek, Deputy Clerk.
John Beardsley, 336 Title Insurance Bldg., Attorney for Petitioner.

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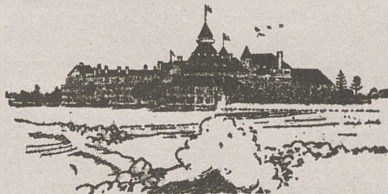
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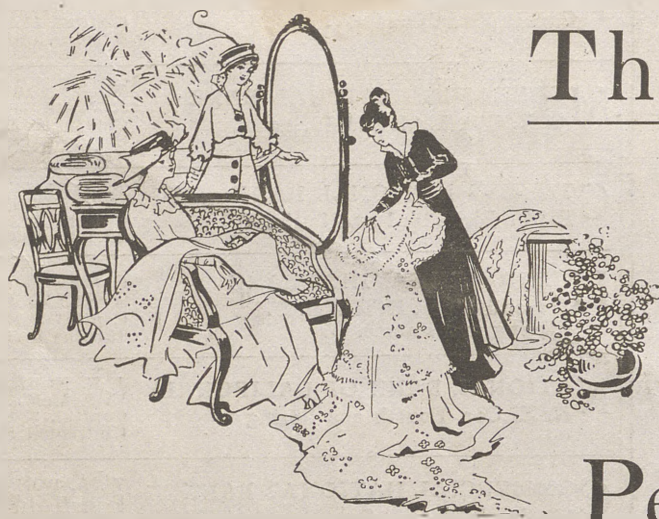
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